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THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY E. S. B.

To-day, as I stood at the mirror,
I saw, among my hair,
A thread of silver shining
Above the lines of care.
You cannot guess how it thrilled me
To see that first white thread
That told me youth was ended,
Life's summer days had fled.

Heaven help me to make the future
Atone for what is past;
Heaven help me to remember
That life runs by so fast!
May I heed Time's solemn warning,
This first bright silver thread,
Before the night comes downward
That leaves me with the dead.

A SHADOWED LIFE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SAILOR BOY," "SHADOW AND SHINE," "A FALSE FRIEND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

NOTHING could be more commonplace in its appearance than the Rectory of Combermere; nor was there anything romantic about it, with the exception of its age, concerning which there could be no possible difference of opinion.

It was a long low building of mellow gray stone, nestling amidst thick shrubberies, which fringed the meadow-land, so rich in pasturage for the Alderney cows belonging to the glebe. The flower-garden—divided from those set aside for fruit and vegetables by a closely clipped hedge of yew—was filled with old-fashioned flowers, which would have fared badly had not the old gardener, who had been attached to the place ever since the present Rector came, some twenty years before, watched over them with proud and jealous care. So, in spite of his master's chilling indifference, cabbage-roses, lavender, and stocks grew and flourished up to the very lawn in front of the house, scenting the air and delighting the eye of the visitors.

The interior of the house was as commonplace as its exterior. A low, wide hall, panelled in some dark wood, led on either side into the dining and reception rooms, while at the extreme end lay the Rector's study, in which were some very unclerical-looking articles, such as guns, fishing-rods, and hunting-whips—for in the Rector's youth it had not been considered a grave offence for clergymen to take part in the sports of their parishioners; and, although for many years the present Rector had withdrawn from all such forms of recreation, he had not seen fit to remove the traces of his former life from the large gloomy chamber in which he was supposed to study but oftener sat in deep and oppressive thought.

For over the old Rectory of Combermere there was a shadow, and this shadow sorely puzzled the Rector's only child, Dolly Worcester, as she sat idly dreaming the sultry noontide away in the garden.

Dolly had nothing to do, and there were no household cares to occupy her mind, for the old housekeeper, who had come with Dolly's young mother to Combermere, held undisputed sway there still, and under her strict rule men and maids at the Rectory executed their various tasks, without let or hindrance from the master of the dwelling, still less from his young daughter, who only three months before had returned home full of hopes and happy fancies, to find herself checked and repressed at every turn.

At first she had tried to coax the old housekeeper to tell her what had come to the people she used to know when a child. Why did old Lady Glendower never send for her as she used to do in the old times, and why did she look so strange and cold when they met that day, three months ago now, in the High Street of Fairminster? Why, too—ah, why—did she never drive over to Alyngton Church, but actually went three miles farther to St. Placid's—where that new High Church curate, whom she detested, usually officiated?

Tears came into the girl's eyes as she sat and mused. All the indefinable slights of the scattered gentry in the neighborhood passed before her mind, and she clenched her small hands as she thought of them.

The poor welcomed her gladly enough as a rule, but, even amongst them, there was a kind of compassionate civility that puzzled and irritated her, and she even recalled, with burning cheeks, the remark of an old woman, who said pitifully to her cronies as the girl passed down the village street—

"Poor young thing—I feels for her, I does!"

But at the present moment the poor and their humiliating pity were forgotten, and Dolly was thinking of a far different class of people.

"I have been here now more than three months," she said to herself, her sweet lips trembling, "and no one has called except Doctor Gray and that hateful old lawyer, Mr. Wilde; and they were my father's visitors, not mine. But they have children, girls like myself, and so has General Colville. We used to play together once. Has mother's death made all the difference? Does nobody care for us now?"

The tears again welled up into the girl's dark eyes and threatened to overflow; but, striving hard to overcome her emotion, she rose hastily from her seat, and, shaking out her muslin skirts, prepared to go in and smooth her disordered hair before luncheon.

She was a sweet, fair English girl, with silky hair cut short and curling all over her small well-poised head. Her figure, too slender yet for perfect symmetry, gave promise of great beauty later on; but her chief charm lay in her careless disregard of her own attractions.

A little later in the day, the girl, utterly weary of her surroundings, was standing outside the Rectory gates, wondering where it would be possible for her to go without encountering any of the people who looked so coldly upon her. Her pretty brows were puckered for a few moments, then a bright thought flashed across her mind, and the problem was solved.

"I will go to Alyngton," she said in a delighted whisper. "I will look at the grand old church, and feed the deer as they come down to the moat to drink. And then the water-lilies—if I can get enough, Floyd shall put them on the table at dinner. Perhaps father will ask who gathered them."

Dolly crossed the dusty road and struck across fields of purple clover and golden corn in the direction of Alynton Park, which lay to the right, on a thickly wooded hill, from the summit of which the Park sloped down to the pretty village nestling at its foot.

Skirting the Park was a moat—why so called no one knew, for it only divided the Park from the land belonging to the home-farm and other pasturage—and did not, as its name would imply, surround the ancient mansion of Alyngton itself.

Dolly proceeded by the side of this moat, thinking only of the water-lilies, and again and again running the risk of tumbling into the water by reaching to grasp an unusually fine blossom. Opposite to a cluster which was quite beyond her reach she sat in despair.

"I would give anything for you, dear lilies—anything!" she exclaimed passionately.

"What would you give?" said a masculine voice from the other side of the moat—a voice wonderfully soft and pleasant, yet with a ring of authority in it that rather startled Dolly.

Looking hastily up, she saw a tall man whose brown eyes were regarding her with an amused smile. He was dressed in a well-worn dark velveteen coat; his leather gaiters were bespattered with mud and bore other evidences of rough usage; and his soft felt hat, which he did not seem even to have lifted as he addressed Dolly, was old and shabby.

"Perhaps he is angry," thought the girl, and forthwith she endeavored to appease his wrath. "I have not much to give," she said hesitatingly; "but if any one"—she did not dare to say "you"—"would get me those lilies I would give him sixpence."

The magnitude of this offer he could not appreciate, for he did not know that sixpence was all the money Dolly had; but he guessed something of the struggle it cost her, and said encouragingly—

"I'll do it for less than that."

A minute later the lilies were gathered and Dolly's new acquaintance had leaped the moat lightly and easily and was standing by her side.

"Put up your purse," he said in the authoritive tone which had piqued and perplexed Dolly when the young man first addressed her. "I have the privilege of getting lilies from the moat wherever I please, and you are heartily welcome to do the same. In a few days—to-morrow perhaps—you will find plenty more if you are passing this way."

The last sentence was interrogative; but Dolly, in her anxiety to preserve her incognito, blushed crimson, and returned no answer.

The young man did not seem in the least displeased at this, for he only smiled good-humoredly, and, raising his hat, prepared to leap the moat again and go his way. He was stayed however by a wistful look in Dolly's eyes. No one in Combermere, the girl was thinking, would have leaped that moat to gather flowers for her, and perhaps, if he knew who she was, he would be sorry he had done so. She would tell him her name, and then the kindly eyes would grow cold and stern, and all her pleasure in the water-lilies would be gone.

But, hesitating and deliberating, she became terrified at the picture her fancy conjured up, and with a hurried "Thank you!" she turned, and went from the presence of her unknown friend with swift footsteps and beating pulses.

As she gained the brow of the hill and turned for a moment to gaze upon the fair scene below, the bells of Alynton Church began to ring out joyous peals. She rapidly descended the hill towards Combermere, and on reaching the Rectory gates she saw, standing there, the old sexton with the keys of the church in his hand.

"What are the bells ringing for, Jobson?" she asked eagerly.

"For Lord Alyngton's return, Miss Dolly," replied the old sexton; "and the ringers here, they want the keys too—though goodness knows 'tis ill ringing joy-bells at Combermere for the likes of him!" The old man shuffled away in deep disgust, leaving Dolly breathless at the news she had just heard.

The water-lilies were placed upon the dinner-table at the Rectory that evening, but remained unnoticed by Dolly's father until the meal was nearly over. Then the Rector turned to Floyd and curtly inquired where the flowers had come from.

"I gathered them, father," said Dolly timidly, "in the moat at Alynton!"

She would have said more, but the change in her father's countenance terrified her. She had never seen him otherwise than gloomy and severe ever since her return home, but now his face was livid with passion, and for a moment he was speechless. When he did speak, his voice was oddly changed.

"Take them away," he said sternly to Floyd, who looked thoroughly frightened; "and, for the future, see that nothing is ever brought from Alyngton to my house!"

When the butler retired with the obnoxious flowers, Dolly expected her father's anger would be turned upon her. But she was wrong, for the old man was perfectly silent, and, if possible, more calm than ever.

As soon as she could do so without fear of rebuke, she quitted his presence and sought the old housekeeper's room, with a resolute look on her face.

As Dolly entered the room, the housekeeper looked up from the stocking which she was knitting, and was evidently startled by the expression on the face of her nursling, for she had laid down her work and her hands trembled. Floyd had told her of the contretemps at dinner, and she knew only too well that it would arouse Dolly's curiosity and do incalculable harm.

The girl went over to the hearth, and stood there, steadfastly regarding her old nurse.

"Margery," she said at last—the housekeeper was "Mrs. Prosser" to every one except her darling Dolly—"what made father so angry about those lilies at dinner? Why must nothing from Alyngton ever enter our doors?"

The directness of the question and the determination with which it was put had their effect on the old housekeeper. To evade the subject was hopeless, to answer with apparent openness was her only resource.

"Why, dearie," she said, assuming a confidential air, "there was some quarrel between Lord Alyngton and th Rector, and it was never made up. Then your dear mamma took a chill, and her illness made me forget everything else, and when she died—oh, deary me!—I thought your papa would have gone distracted! I remember as well as if it was yesterday!"

"Yes, yes, Margery. I know how well you remember all about dearest mother; but now I want you to remember something else. Why was father's quarrel with Lord Alyngton never made up?"

"Why, just because Lord Alyngton died my dearie," said the old woman; "and it couldn't be made up then, you know."

"Died!" repeated the girl thoughtfully; and then, after a moment's pause, she said, "What did he die of, Margery?"

"Something sudden-like, missy," answered the old servant. Steadying herself by the table, she rose and went to the cupboard where the sweets were kept under the pretence of finding something for Dolly.

"Never mind the sweets now, Margery," said the girl. "I want to know the whole of the story, and I mean to know it! If you don't tell me, I will go up to the first of those horrid people who look so coldly upon me, and they will soon tell me, I know! Come and sit down," she added more softly. "I am not a child now, Margery—I am seventeen, you know—and, if

I am old enough to be snubbed, I am old enough to know the reason why!"

"Miss Dorothy," said Margery, and when she said "Miss Dorothy" the girl knew the old woman's mind was made up—"you will never hear any more from me, because I have nothing more to tell; I'm amazed about the whole business. If ever the rights of it come to my ears, I'll tell ye—but, if, you'll take an old woman's advice, you'll never speak to strangers as you've spoken to me—let sleeping dogs lie!"

"And the present Lord Alyngton, is he also an enemy of my father's?" asked Dolly. "I suppose he is not likely to come here?"

"He'll not come here, my dearie. Set your mind at rest with regard to that; and I wish," she added, forgetting herself for a moment, "none on 'em had ever come, that I do!"

"Well, Margery," said Dolly, "I see you are determined not to tell me; but I shall find out, for all that—I couldn't live unless I did;" and, holding her head very high, Dolly marched out of the housekeeper's room, and went into the garden.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning at breakfast the Rector, with a harassed and troubled look on his stern face, read his letters.

"I must go to London, Dorothy," he said as Dolly entered the room. "If during my absence any one comes to the house, Floyd has orders to say I shall return in a couple of days—you understand me, I hope?"

"Yes, father," said Dolly gently, and the Rector, glancing towards her, could not but notice the sad droop of the pretty head, and, perhaps moved by some thought of the girl's lonely life, he said—

"Would you like to come with me, Dorothy? I fear it would be very dull for you, as I go to an hotel, and shall be greatly occupied—but still——" He hesitated and stopped, repenting already of his hasty words.

"I don't wish it much," she said. "I am only a girl, and I know I should be dreadfully in your way;" and, as the Rector rose to leave the room, something moved her to kiss and thank him as she used to do when a little child.

Her father's face grew very pale, and for a moment he seemed to struggle with himself. Then he stooped and kissed her on the forehead, and Dolly, half frightened and half glad, was left standing in the middle of the room, her eyes dim with tears and the flush fading fast from her fair cheeks.

* * * * * *

Dolly always dined early when her father was absent from home. She was very impatient as she sat down to dinner on the present occasion, for she remembered with a thrill of something like pleasure the cool shining moat and the lovely lilies which were sure to open their snowy cups in the bright and glorious sunshine of that summer day.

Then the remembrance of her father's anger and its cause modified her gladness.

"I will not bring back any of the lilies," she said; "it would not be fair now father is away; but I may go and look at them, all the same—there can be no harm in that."

Dolly set out for the wooded hill, and, on reaching the summit, gazed with delighted eyes upon the scene below.

"I will go to the old church first!" she thought. "No one in Alyngton will know me after so many years, and there is plenty of time."

But the plan was never carried out; for, as she turned the corner of the road leading from the Park down to the village, a tall figure in a shabby velveteen coat and leather gaiters came into view, and the girl, flushing hotly, said to herself—

"Of course he is one of the gamekeepers—they always dress like that!"

When she saw the felt hat lifted with careless grace, however, she was not quite so sure that he was what she had supposed.

"Have you been to the moat?" inquired the stranger, as they met—his manner putting Dolly perfectly at her ease. As she shyly answered in the negative, he continued, "If you will come now, I can promise you the very finest lilies I have seen for a long time."

Dolly was both brave and truthful, and these virtues stood her in good stead now.

"I must not take any more lilies," she said simply; "but I will go and look at them if I may;" and as she spoke her eyes rested longingly on the cool, shining moat.

"What on earth do you mean?" inquired her companion, smiling in spite of his astonishment. "You must not take the lilies?" Who said so, I should like to know?"

"My father," replied the girl sadly, for she saw plainly that her incognito was soon to end, and she trembled. "I do not understand it," she added hurriedly; "but that is nothing, and the lilies are better there"—indicating the moat—"than anywhere else."

"But pray enlighten me," said her companion, still smiling; "tell me at least your father's name, that I may know who objects to my lilies?"

"My father is the Rector of Combermere," said Dolly faintly, her face turning pale under the kindly eyes of her new acquaintance, "and our name is Worcester."

Here her courage failed her, and she stood still, awaiting what was to come.

A deep silence followed her announcement, and then her companion spoke very gravely and sadly.

"And I am Lord Alyngton," he said simply, and walked on silently beside her.

Dolly's heart beat quickly.

"I know you are our enemy," she said; "Margery told me so. Why do you hate us, and what has my father done?"

They certainly did not look like enemies as they moved on side by side—he so tall and fair, with his frank, courteous grace; and she a very child in years and innocence. Not a sound broke the oppressive silence save the rustling leaves and the faint ripple of the stream; and they reached the summit of the hill before a word was spoken.

Then Lord Alyngton turned to the girl, who was so soon to pass from his sight perhaps for ever, and asking in his usual masterful tone—

"Did you know this yesterday?"

"No," said Dolly; "at least, not until after I took the lilies home;" and her voice quivered and blinding tears rushed to her eyes.

"Who did you think I was?" he inquired gently.

A deep blush suffused the girl's face.

"I thought you were a gamekeeper," she said with reluctant candor and inward shame.

"And now you know me do you too hate me?" queried her companion.

"I never hated you," Dolly answered indignantly; "it is we who are hated and shunned—every one looks coldly upon us. Oh, tell me," she broke out passionately—"tell me everything; indeed, indeed I can bear it!"

"If ever I can lift a burden from your life by telling you, I will do it," said Lord Alyngton earnestly. "Till then, can you wait and trust? Can you trust your enemy?" he added.

Dolly's heart gave a great bound and then seemed to cease beating.

"Can I bear it?" she thought. "Can I live on in the dark for ever?"

Then she looked up and saw the true, brave eyes of her enemy fixed steadfastly upon her, and her doubts fled.

"Yes," she said simply, "I can trust you, and I will try to wait."

And she turned and left him, lest the tears should overflow and he should see the sorrow she could no longer hide.

A great change seemed to have passed over Dolly as she went down the hill to Combermere. She was a very humble little Dolly indeed compared with the Dolly who has gone up to the Park a couple of hours ago. She no longer felt inclined to resent the coldness of old Lady Glendower and her clique, or the pitying comments of her poorer neighbors, for she believed with all her heart that something must have been done by her people to have brought this trouble upon her—some wrong which Lord Alyngton, in his generosity, would not reveal to her, because it had been done against himself. Very sadly the girl went home.

"Must I never go to the Park again?" she asked herself passionately; and, child as she was, Dolly sat down on the first stile she came to and cried bitterly.

* * * * * *

Dolly's time of waiting was not to be long had she but known it. On the morning after her meeting with Lord Alyngton, she awoke with a confused sense of something having happened to her. Things looked brighter in the fair light of the summer day, and Dolly, young, healthy, and hopeful, felt that life after all was very sweet. Having finished her simple breakfast, she sauntered out into the fresh sweet garden.

Crossing the lawn, which was separated from the churchyard by a thick belt of shrubbery, Dolly directed her steps to a small gate, and, leaning on the top bar, looked wistfully at the quiet graves, shaded by sombre yew-trees, which looked almost black against the deep blue sky.

"I will go to mother's grave," she said; and, opening the gate, she passed into the sacred enclosure, where a pure white marble cross marked the spot she sought.

People had wondered at the time of Mrs. Worcester's burial why no family grave had been made, and why the Rector's beautiful young wife had been laid to rest in a solitary spot as if none claimed kindred with her; but no one dared question the stern, grave mourner, and his reasons, whatever they were, remained a secret.

Dolly had been too young to enter into all this at that time; but now, with her soul awakened by sorrow, a new thought dawned upon her mind. How cold and short the few words before her seemed!

EVELEEN,
Wife of the Reverend Francis Worcester,
Rector of this Parish,
And only daughter of the late Sir Philip Antrobus, Aged 28.

Other graves were very different. Here lay the beloved wife of one Joseph Kyrle, and a little farther on the dearly loved wife of some one else.

Was not her own dear mother a beloved wife too? Did Margery not say that her father had never been the same since she died, and did she—Dolly—not know how different he was from the fond, indulgent father of her early childhood? It had broken his heart, she supposed, but he would not let people see how he suffered.

Strolling on with these thoughts in her mind, Dolly came to the door of the old church. It was open, for workmen were employed in repairing one of the ancient arches; though they were out of Dolly's sight, their voices reached her ears distinctly.

"It's a bad job he ever comed back," said one of the men gruffly; they appeared to be taking some slight refreshment, and resting a while from their work.

"A bad job who comed back, Joe?" inquired another voice, not so gruff, seemingly that of a younger man, who was evidently somewhat curious.

"Why, who should I mean but Lord Alyngton?" said the man called Joe. "Lords are not so common here, I reckon, and I tell 'ee 'twere better if he'd stayed away fro' Combermere; now this comin' will rake up the old story again."

"It doesn't want much rakin' up," said the younger man; "it's as fresh as ever; but I nivver heard the rights on it; ye might as well tell us, Joe!"

The unseen listener clenched her hands and held her breath in an agony of excitement, but she made no sound.

"Taint much to tell, arter all," the man answered gruffly; "but ye see, them two, our parson and Lord Alyngton—the father of this here lord—were allus friends, schoolfellars, maybe, and both on 'em married mighty young. Parson married somewhere in Lonnon, 'twere said, and t'other one in furrin parts, where he stayed on till this here lord were born; then his wife died, and Lord Alyngton he comed home with the child, a precious lot of servants, furrin' nurse and the like. People said he were struck of a heap when he seed our parson's wife, for she was a beauty and no mistake. The young un's like her, but not so han'some. Howsumever, parson and Lord Alyngton were better friends than ever. They hunted and fished and went after the feasants together, and Lord Alyngton allus came back to feed at the Rectory, and o' nights there was singin' and music and all sorts of tomfoolery.

"People began to talk, they did; but just about this time our parson's wife became ailing, and little Miss Dolly, here, was turned over to the servants, and her mother spent nigh all her time a lying on a sofy, and doing naught beside.

"But Lord Alyngton's visits never stopped, and by-and-by parson he got cooler and cooler, and stayed at home more'n ever, till one night they had high words, and parted, besides themselves with rage. But parson's wife she was carried up-stairs a fainting, and things went on pretty quiet again for a bit.

"The game was looked arter then, strict; parson, Lord Alyngton, and a lot more was down upon any poor chap who had a fancy for a feasant or a hare for his Sunday's dinner; but there was a goodish bit of poaching going on for all that. One o' the worst of the lot—Bill Preyer—was a-coming home latish one night with some springes he was a-going to set in Alyngton wood; and he sees a white figger at the Rectory gate, and, bein' a bit scared, he creeps and creeps under the shadow of the trees, and lies down among the bushes. Then he sees it was the parson's wife, who everybody thought couldn't stir from her sofy."

"Good gracious, Joe," said his companion, "was it her sperrrit?"

"Sperrit," said Joe, with supreme contempt; "sperrits don't come to meet lords at garden gates, I reckon; and that's what she did. Bill stared with all his might—for she was a real beauty, and prettier than ever, with a bright color in her cheeks, and her eyes big and shining.

"Parson, he was away at a magistrates' meeting—he was on the bench—or Bill wouldn't have been out so bold. But he was no worse than others, I reckon, for presently Lord Alyngton comes up too, and he wouldn't have been so bold either, if parson had been to the fore. He takes her hand and she draws back like, and turned a sickly white, but Bill heerd him say quite plainly, 'It's a-killing you,' and just then a cloud went over the moon, and he could see naught o' their goings on, and didn't want to, for he scared lest Lord Alyngton should find him hiding there with them springes a-sticking out of his coat; so he got away quiet-like, and never meant to say a word of what he'd seen.

"But one night at the 'Cat and Fiddle' drink got the better of him, and he lets it all out, and it gets to parson's ears, and he horsewhips Bill right in front of the green the very first time he catches him, and, what with the horsewhipping and magistrates' fine, Bill Preyer was parson's bitterest enemy from that day."

"'Twas the lord that deserved flopping most," the younger man remarked; "I'd have hit him meself, if I'd been our parson."

"He were in Lunnon, were Lord Alyngton," said Joe, "and didn't come back till next bench day, which, as ill luck would have it, came a bit too soon. Parson rode over to Fairminster without a groom, for Floyd's nephew, who wur groom, had sprained his wrist, and couldn't hold the reins; and a terrible night it was just about the time the justices ought to have been coming back. Rain and wind—the clouds flying about as if they was skeerd; and well they might be, for what they saw no one will ever know till the day o' judgment!"

"Was that the night they found Lord Alyngton dead in Middleham Lane?" was the awed question of the listener.

"It wur," said Joe gruffly; "and I were one of the men who found him. We brings him on afterwards to Alyngton, and there was a crowner's 'quest in course, and naught would have been said suspicious like, hadn't Bill Preyer brought up a loaded hunting-whip, which he said he'd found in the hedge at Middleman, where we'd come on the body; and some o' the jurymen knew it for our parson's 'crop,' and began to whisper and look queer. But Floyd—he swore the whip was a hanging in the hall long arter the parson had ridden off to Fairminster, and he was backed up by old Admiral Henley, who rode back as far as the cross roads with the parson and noticed particular the whip he carried. But there'd been a row at the Justices' dinner, when Lord Alyngton came in all on a sudden, and he and the parson would a come to blows, if they hadn't been parted, and that's why Admiral Henley rode back as far as he could with our parson, for fear of a fight. But he didn't come all the way, and so we'll never know whether there was a fight or a wicked murder done that night, as I said afore, we never shall know till the day o' judgment."

Was she dying? Dolly wondered dimly. She was on her knees now, holding on blindly to the cushioned seat where her head had fallen, and a deep darkness came over her. When sense and feeling returned, it was mid-day. But of this Dolly took no heed. Time for her had stood still; she only prayed for strength to drag herself to the shelter of her own roof, and to lie down for ever, it must be, on her own bed. The daughter of a murderer! And a man driven to murder by what? She understood it all now—the cold epitaph, the solitary grave. These two in death must be divided. It could not be otherwise. She gazed, as a woman now, at her mother's grave; her girlhood had passed for ever; and it was a woman, pale and weary, who entered the cool, dim Rectory and toiled up the oaken stairs to the little room she called her own.

Dolly did not know it, but she was on the very verge of brain fever, and her life depended on a very slender thread indeed.

CHAPTER III.

IN A WRETCHED room in a lodging-house in Whitechapel a thick-set man lay, sleeping off the effects of a heavy

drinking bout. A woman, who was cowering over a small fire, and who was occupied in some attempt at cookery, frequently cast a frightened and suspicious glance at the sleeper.

"He'll do for me, I know, some of these days," she muttered hoarsely; "he has threatened me once too often, and I've a mind to up and tell what I know afore it's too late."

Setting the saucepan on one side, and raking together the embers of the fire, the woman stealthily crossed the room and took down a ragged shawl, in which she was about to wrap herself, when a smothered imprecation from the bed caused her to drop it instantly and creep back to her seat by the fire, with an abject and cowed look upon her miserable face.

The man slumbered on; and his unhappy companion, rocking herself to and fro before the smouldering fire, at last slumbered too, waking only in the pale dawn of the summer morning, to feel the man's heavy hand on her thin shoulder, and to hear his rough voice demanding what the dickens she meant by letting the fire out, for he wanted his breakfast.

"Deed Bill, I didn't mean it," whimpered the woman, "I kep awake as long as I could; but I'll light the fire and make the kettle boil quick, I will!"

"You're mighty civil," the man said harshly—"too civil by half; and I've a mind to serve you as others have been served in this here place. Get up, woman, and don't snivel, or by the powers I'll kill you!" he said savagely. "I don't want your breakfast, and I don't want you; but I suspects yer, I do, and, if I finds yer sneaking round them mission halls agin Bess, I'll stick this into yer!"

As the ruffian spoke, he shook a murderous-looking knife before the woman's face. Then, having satisfied himself apparently with terrifying her, he took up a dirty cap and slouched off, slamming the door with force that the hinges rattled, and several unkempt heads were thrust out of dirty windows to see what was "up" with "big Bill."

The miserable creature left behind in the foul stifling room roused herself after a while, and made shift to get a cup of weak tea.

Then, as the sun rose and the poorer streets of the great city began to fill with life, she made a feeble attempt to smooth her disordered hair and to wash her face and hands, for something was working for evil or for good in her mind, and her dull brain was laboring amidst the dim memories of years which had long since passed away.

Taking from beneath the bed a basket of watercresses left from yesterday's sale she plodded slowly out of the filthy court, exchanging few salutations with her neighbors, who seemed pretty well used to her unsociable ways.

One malignant glance however followrd her, and scarcely had she disappeared in the distance when a girl, verging on womanhood, bold in manner and possessed of a coarse beauty, with a tawdry bonnet on her head and a plaid shawl on her arm, crept stealthily down the creaking stairs of the opposite house, and passed on in the woman's track.

After crying her watercresses in several thoroughfares, Bess turned with a dogged tenacity of purpose to the corner of a certain street, where she knew the only being who had ever spoken a kind word to her must pass on her round of daily duties; and, resting her aching back against a wall, she set her basket on the ground and looked anxiously round.

Just then a plainly-dressed woman, with a small basket on her arm, turned the corner, and a light flashed into Bess' sunken eyes, and a dark flush spread over her pale worn face.

"Well, Bessy," said the new-comer, whose voice was kind and gentle, "have you made up your mind to do as I ask—will you leave your present life, and let me try to save you?"

"I'd do it, missis, and glad," was the answer; "but Bill—he'd kill me if I let him. It's as much as my life's worth to speak to ye now!"

"He will kill you, I fear, if you stay with him," her companion remarked, "now don't be scared—there's nobody within sight but that girl selling flowers, and she is as poor as yourself. See, I'll buy some watercresses to make all safe if any one passes. Be at the mission hall to-night at any time before twelve, and trust yourself to me."

"I'll do it, missis!" said Bess desperately. "Will ye swear ye won't give me up to him, nohow?"

"I will never give you up!" replied the other in a firm voice. "It will be your own act and deed if ever you return to this life—only be there to-night, and all will be well!"

"I won't fail, never fear, if I'm alive," the wrecked creature answered, as her kind friend turned away, the last words, muttered low, never reaching her ears.

With a shudder Bess took up her basket, and resumed her hoarse cry.

* * * * * *

Finding that his young mistress did not come down to luncheon that summer morning, Floyd went straight to the housekeeper's room to ask what had become of Miss Dolly, and Margery, hurrying to her darling's chamber, found her lying in a curious dazed state on her little bed.

The old woman's remedies were simple and prompt. Wet bandages to the burning head, and loving words to the overburdened heart, caused the unnatural tension of the girl's nerves to relax, and presently Dolly threw herself sobbing into the faithful arms that had so often held her in helpless infancy. Here at length, exhausted by the violent emotions she had endured, she fell asleep.

Late in the day Dolly awoke—faint and weak indeed. By her own wish she was allowed to creep down to tea in the housekeeper's room, and there she was enthroned in a great arm-chair and petted and waited on by Margery to her heart's content.

Then the moment so dreaded by the old servant came.

"Was all that those men said true, Margery?" Dolly asked, in a hushed and frightened voice.

"What men do you mean, dearie—and what did they say?" asked Margery, afraid by her answer to reveal too much or too little.

"Oh, they said something terrible about Lord Alyngton," whispered Dolly, hiding her face on her old nurse's breast. "Did father——"

"Now, look here, dearie," said Margery, "don't you believe everything you see, or half what you hear—but tell me what they said of Lord Alyngton and your father?"

Dolly's answer was whispered in Margery's ear.

"Well, darling, that's what some one said, when nothing could be found out, just because your papa and Lord Alyngton weren't friends, and had quarreled at the justice's dinner. No one knew for certain how the poor gentleman met his death."

"But the whip, Margery—father's hunting-whip?"

"Why, dearie, that whip Floyd swore was in the hall after the master went to Fairminster, and Admiral Henley swore that your father never had it all that night. How it got out of the hall no one could think; but there was a girl then in the kitchen I never liked, and who left soon afterwards, and I had my suspicions that she was too thick with the man who pretended he found that whip, Bill Preyer. If ever there was a fiend on earth, it was that man, and the Rector had made an enemy of him by giving him a sound flogging one day for telling a parcel of falsehoods. I believe he got hold of the whip out of spite, and, for anything we know, he had a hand in the poor gentleman's death himself. He was quite bad enough for it—the truth may yet come out. Pray that it may, child," added the woman passionately, for your father has had a hard life, and if peace is to come to him it must be soon."

Dolly's cheeks flushed crimson, and she slipped down, and hid her face in Margery's lap.

"And mother," she whispered—"why did she grieve him?"

"It's a hard thing to say why, dearie," replied the old woman, fondly stroking the silky curls, as she looked down at Dolly's pretty head; "she was young and beautiful, and very thoughtless. She liked playing with fire, never thinking anybody would be burnt, and she ended by spoiling three lives. Her own heart broke, I know, when her husband's love went from her, for it was all foolish vanity and thoughtlessness, nothing else, my darling—nothing else!"

Dolly raised her tear-stained face and shining eyes.

"And that was why father would not put 'beloved' wife on the marble cross that stands at the head of her grave!" she said breathlessly.

"Why, bless the child," cried Margery, "have you been noticing that?"

"It was before I went into the church and heard those men talk," said Dolly softly.

"I'll bet anything it was Joe Winter and young Tom Farrar! They ought to be ashamed of themselves for speaking of such things in a place of worship—and the master's church of all others! I wonder they weren't afraid the roof would fall down on 'em—I do! And now, dearie, you know the worst there is to know, and I won't hear another word to-night. Come to your bed, and I'll bring you up some white wine whey the last thing, and tuck you up as I used to do when you were a little child; and anything else you want to say we'll leave till to-morrow."

Dolly was unable to resist the authority of the kind old nurse, so she went meekly to her rest, and Margery watched by her till she went to sleep.

"If the master has any eyes, he'll see to-morrow that she knows all," the old woman muttered as she left her darling for the night. "'Twould be a good thing if he stayed away a bit longer; but I'm afeerd there's no chance of that!"

* * * * * *

For once Margery's fears were groundless. The Rector stayed away from home a whole week, and Dolly thanked Heaven for such a respite before looking upon her father's again.

She carefully kept within the fields and garden of the Rectory, shrinking with intense dread from meeting Lord Alyngton, and yet this dread was accompanied by the wildest possible longing to look upon his face once more.

She had daily talks with Margery about the shadow which darkened her young life, and her heart ached as, leaf by leaf, the sad story was unfolded before her.

"Yes, dearie," the old housekeeper said sorrowfully, "I am afraid Bill Preyer did see my dear mistress that night, for she slipped out into the garden when we all thought she was asleep, and came in shivering and trembling like one struck with ague or mortal sickness, and mortal sickness indeed it was, for she sank from that hour and died a week after Lord Alyngton was found dead in Middleham Lane. We kept the news from her—no fear. But she heard the bell tolling—not our bell, but the one at Alyngton Church—the wind was blowing this way; and she rang her room-bell violently.

"'Send up Jane!' she said to the housemaid who answered her summons.

"I was preparing her jelly downstairs, having only a few minutes before left the room, and the servants dared not cross her. Jane, as I told you, dearie, before, was a foolish and bad girl, and she up and tells my lady who the bell was tolling for. But she was scared like after she'd done it, and came and told me, and I flew upstairs and found my poor dear lying on the floor.

"Ah, well, child, they were sad hours that followed! And no one knows how those two parted, for the Rector was shut up alone with her before she died; and when I went in she just smiled at me; and was gone as quiet as a lamb.

"The two funerals coming so near together was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened. It set the people talking and made them put two and two together, as they never would have done but for that. My lady had been ill—dying, as everybody knew; but Bill Preyer's tale, for which he was flogged, thank goodness, and Jane's tale about the news of Lord Alyngton's death having killed my mistress—these things set all the tongues in the place going.

"Then the people heard of the quarrel at the justices' dinner, for every waiter at the 'King's Arms' in Fairminster knew about it, and of course all came out at the coroner's inquest; but Admiral Henley proved that he had ridden back with the Rector as far as the cross-roads—they forced him to say the very spot, or he would never let it out, because it is before you come to Middleham Lane, where the body was found—but your papa, dearie, spoke so brave and true; and every one knew his beautiful young wife lay dying, and his heart was sore and heavy. So it came to pass that public sympathy was in his favor.

"He said he had ridden on past Middleham Lane to Tiverton Common, and there, he declared, he had waited for Lord Alyngton. Finding, however, that Lord Alyngton did not come, the Rector thought he had taken the lower road to get out of his way, and he rode furiously home, getting a nasty fall by the way, which was afterwards brought up as a proof that he had been engaged in some struggle.

"But, I believe, nothing would have come of it but for Bill Preyer and the whip. That, dearie, was what left a stain on your dear papa, that has made him what he is."

"But, Margery," said Dolly, "why did father stay at Combermere—why did he not leave the place where he had suffered so much?"

"A story got about," said Margery reluctantly, "that the bishop and church wardens advised him to do it; but it's my belief, Miss Dolly, that he'll stay here until he dies. It hurts him more than you or I know; but to go away would be like saying to his people that he was indeed guilty, and he'll never do it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Bric-a-Brac.

THE RAINBOW.—In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great bent pump or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe."

INSECTS.—Insects generally breathe through special pores in various parts of their body, and if these are closed by oil they are suffocated. Any one may test this by dropping sweet oil on the thorax or back of a wasp; it very soon dies. For this reason oil has been found one of the best things to use for the destruction of insects.

GLOVES.—The ancient Persians were the first nation to adopt the use of gloves, and we hear of them being worn by the Romans before the fall of their mighty empire; whilst we have every reason to believe that they were introduced into England at a very early period, for in the illuminated MSS. of the Saxons, bishops and other persons of high rank were generally represented with gloves on their hands, frequently ornamented with costly rings.

SEALING-WAX LANGUAGE.—Visitors to the Continent, says a correspondent, may notice in the windows of fashionable stationers rows of sealing-wax of all hues and shades and ranged in order like the colors of the spectrum. It appears that a meaning attaches to each of those colors. Thus, white sealing-wax means a proposal of marriage; black, a death; violet, condolence. Invitations to dinner are sealed with chocolate color; vermilion is used for business letters; ruby color by fortunate lovers. Green means hope; brown, melancholy—derived from "brown study;" blue, constancy; yellow, jealousy. Pale green conveys a reproof; pink is used by ladies, and gray between friends.

ITALIAN RINGS.—Rings of Italian workmanship are remarkably beautiful. Venice particularly exceeds in this art. In the Londesborough collection is a fine specimen. The four claws of the outer ring, in open work, support the setting of a sharply-pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then covered for writing on glass. The shank bears a fanciful resemblance to a serpent swallowing a bird, of which only the claws connecting the face remain in sight. It was with a similar ring that Raleigh wrote the words on a window pane, "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," to which Queen Elizabeth added, "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all," an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

THE WOLF SPIDER.—One of the most unnatural things in nature, if the expression is allowable, is the manner in which the young of the common wolf spider, found everywhere in this country, treat their mother. After the little creature has laid her eggs she envelopes them in a silken covering, so as to make a ball about the size of a pea, and this she carries about with her wherever she goes, and will defend it with her life. When the young are hatched they climb on her back, giving her a monstrous appearance, and ride about until nearly half grown, and as soon as they discover their strength they fall to and devour their mother. As a rule the maternal relation is recognized in the animal and insect world only so long as the necessity for protection exists, but instances of the young actually devouring a parent by main force and common consent are extremely rare.

AFTER WAR, PESTILENCE, AND INTEMPERANCE, Colds lead to the greatest destruction of human life, mainly in consequence of their being systematically neglected,—"left to go as they come,"—until a simple, curable affection is converted into a serious and generally fatal disease. It is better to take care of a Cough or Cold from its incipiency, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy thoroughly adapted to remove these complaints, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

WHICH IS BEST?

BY SOPHIA.

Tell me which is best for me,
Speak, O friend or enemy!
  Tell me, teachers of mankind,
  Sit in judgment on my mind:
Tell me which is best for me.

I've two loves and both are fair:
One has gold upon her hair
  Like an autumn's woodland gleam,
  Like the sunshine in a dream:
I've two loves, and both are fair.

The other sings for me a song
When the days are sad and long,
  And the weary moments die
  In the laughter of her eye;
In the music of her breath
Dulness finds a speedy death.

But the blue eyes ask of me,
And she pleadeth tenderly
  Only for a woman's part,
  All the love within my heart,
And I cannot say her nay.

Yet the dark eyes speak to me
From a mist of sympathy,
  Where the soul revealed lives:
  One asks for love, the other gives:
Tell me which is best for me.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

PIERREPOINT HAYES had never been in Edinburgh before. Knowing nothing of the place, he gladly accepted a fellow-traveler's recommendation and up put at a quiet private hotel in one of the squares behind Prince's street.

In spite of his palpable anxiety and perturbation, the marvellous beauty of the city impressed him as he drove across it in the soft clear light of the summer evening, and he made up his mind that, if "other things" went smoothly, he would finish his wedding tour with a month's run through Scotland—always provided that the notion met with no opposition from his dainty little love. Her wishes were always his first consideration.

His thoughts soon turned from those pleasant anticipations to the object of his visit, and, with his mind full of Australian experiences and memories—for the last meeting between him and the person he was going to see had taken place ten years before in one of the rough mining settlements in Victoria—and with the habits and customs of that long past time clearly before him, it was perhaps only natural that, when he gave his name to the waiter in the coffee-room, he should have thoughtlessly given that by which he had been known in those days—"Peter Haynes."

By the time he had eaten a hasty dinner it was already close upon nine o'clock, and nearly dark. Outside there was still a luminous twilight lingering in the clear northern air, and he light a cigar and strolled down the hotel towards Prince's Street. Here he seemed to be looking for a likely person of whom to inquire his way. He passed two or three constables and a letter-carrier without seeking their aid, and at last stopped a homely-looking little woman who was hurrying along with a large parcel in her arms, and asked her the way to Fanshawe Street.

Having listened attentively to her directions, and thanked her for her kindness, he strode along, past the postoffice and the theatre, to a quiet street leading off the Leith Road, where, having found No. 14, and mounted to the fifth flat, he inquired if Miss Alice Mostyn was at home.

The stuffy little entrance hall was in darkness, except for the lines of light which came through two half-open doors at the other end; but he had scarcely made his inquiry when a tall, fair-headed, exceedingly graceful woman dressed in a crimson dressing-gown came into view, with a loud exclamation of astonishment.

"My goodness, what a surprise!" she cried, and added immediately, with a touch of irony which was not lost upon her visitor, "And what an honor! Really I am quite overcome by the sense of favors conferred! Have you come all the way from London to see poor me? Come in, pray, and Mrs. Murray shall get you some supper."

"Thank you, I have already supped," he answered, following her to an untidy room, lighted by a foul smelling oil-lamp, where the walls were lined with a ghostly-looking row of hanging garments swathed in cotton sheets, and where every article of furniture was strewn with brilliant-colored costumes.

She took up one of these—a robe of crimson and gold with puffed sleeve and high Elizabethan collar—and offered him the vacant chair.

"So you came directly you got my letter," she said, when she had closed the door and seated herself in a low rocking-chair facing him. "It was very polite of you."

"Polite!" he echoed, shrugging his shoulders. "It would have been a long time before politeness brought me such a journey to see you!"

She laughed unpleasantly, as if the feeling which prompted the cruel frankness of his remark was reciprocated on her side.

"As candid as ever!" she remarked "Straightforward speaking was always one of your virtues, especially when the truth was disagreeable to your listener."

He made no attempt to defend himself, putting the personal criticism aside as if her opinion was of no moment to him.

"How long have you been home?" he asked.

"Just over five years."

"So long? You received my letter with Jack's last message?" he interrogated.

"Yes—after it had been lying at the Melbourne postoffice six months. I suppose you were rather surprised to hear from me? It was a lucky thing that I remembered the address of the old man's lawyer, or I should not have been able to communicate with you at all, which might have been awkward. You would not have cared to figure in the police courts as——"

"Be silent!" he interposed, with a sudden flash of anger. "You forget the ten years that have passed since you made a sport and plaything of me. Don't make the mistake of thinking I am still the impulsive easy-gulled idiot I was then. Threats and tall talk and tragedy airs won't affect me in the least now—understand that once for all!"

She looked at him for a moment steadily and keenly, with bent brows and compressed lips.

"Yes; you are changed," she observed, after that swift examination—"so changed that I should have passed you in the street. The loss of your beard has something to do with it of course; but there is something else. You've lost some of your old dash and fire. If I didn't know you so well, I should say you had taken up with religion as well as respectability since you came in for your uncle's leavings. The alteration is certainly marvellous. Your voice is still the same, though, I should know it among a thousand. Do you find me much changed for the worse?"

"Yes; you are older. It was to be expected. No one stands still for ten years, least of all one leading your life. You are still at the old calling, I see.

"Yes—a very decent engagement just now."

"You know you were reported dead?"

"Oh, yes; I guessed you made that mistake! You have heard me speak of my sister Amabel?"

"Yes."

"Well, she died two years ago. I nursed and buried her. And then the idea occurred to me that, since we were so much alike as to be constantly taken for each other by casual acquaintances, it would not be a bad notion to bury Alice Mostyn, the broken down pauper, and allow Amabel Mostyn, the woman with a moderately good standing among the second rank of provincial managers, to live on it longer."

"You mean——"

"I mean that, along with my dead sister's wardrobe, I took over her name and her individuality; and the plan has worked better than I expected. I have been spotted every now and again by one of poor Amabel's more intimate chums, but I always laugh it off and admit nothing: and what can they do?"

His face bore a very strong expression of antipathy as he listened to this confession of conspiracy. It was unpleasant to see how this feeling seemed to transform him, intensifying his determination until it became headstrong stubbornness, and obliterating all signs of that air of refinement which she had described as "religion and respectability."

"Always plotting and planning," he said disdainfully. "I don't believe that it would be possible to you to go straight in any circumstances whatever."

"I dare say not," she answered, laughing lightly. "I shouldn't take so kindly to les convenances as you seem to have done But then I mightn't have the same inducement."

He looked up at her quickly.

"Oh, I know all about the pure angel-faced little sweetheart!" she went on mockingly "It was that really which made me write to you. I saw in the paper that the marriage was fixed for this day week, and I thought it was about time I put in my claim. What do you mean to do?"

"Heaven alone knows!" he muttered.

"There is only one thing to do that I can see."

"What is that?"

She watched his face keenly, as if to measure the effect of her next words.

"Explain everything, and set Miss Priestly free from her promise," she answered.

"I can't," he cried, with a sudden passionate outbreak of feeling: "I tell you I can't! It would be like plucking my heart out! I love the girl a thousand times better than I love my own life! I would rather die a thousand deaths than live without her! Nothing shall induce me to give her up!"

"You are fully aware of the position you place her in, if you marry her while things are in their present condition?"

He raised his haggard passionate eyes and looked at her; and, as she met his look, she felt a momentary twinge of terror.

"How you love me!" she exclaimed. "If Mrs. Murray and her gudeman weren't within reach of my voice, I should be afraid of you after that look."

"You needn't be. With all my scoundrelism, I've never raised my hand against a woman."

"Perhaps because you've not been tempted," she retorted. "I don't suppose you ever wished for a woman's death before."

"I wish you were dead now," he said, with a certain quiet deadly distinctness which gave more force to his words than any amount of bluster would have given. "It's an awful feeling to have, but it's the truth. If a word of mine would kill you, I'd speak it. Good heavens, what am I saying?" he muttered hoarsely, rising and clenching his hands. "Why do you goad me on like this, and make me forget that I'm a man?"

As he rose she cowered in sudden alarm, and he, seeing her terror, grew calmer, and sat down again with a heavy flush of shame crimsoning his tanned skin.

"I won't come near you," he assured her, with forced composure. "Surely you know me better than to think that I would do you bodily harm!"

But she was evidently daunted, and could not recover her air of bravado all at once.

"I don't know," she said tremulously. "I shouldn't care to trust my life in your hands after that look. If ever a man had murder written on his face, you had just now. I tell you candidly, I would not put it in your power to rid yourself easily of me; the temptation might be too strong for you."

He laughed sardonically, and sat with his head lowered on his breast and his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the embodiment of sombre sullen despair. She went to the cupboard and helped herself freely to some whiskey, watching him over the rim of the glass as she drank. The stimulant seemed to restore some of her courage, and she began again.

"Since you won't make any suggestion for a settlement of this unfortunate business, I suppose I must. What will you pay me a year to hold my tongue?"

"Nothing—not one farthing! I won't have part or parcel in such a scheme of iniquity."

"Then perhaps you'll tell me what you really mean to do. You say you won't give the girl up? Do you mean to obtain your divorce? I hardly think——"

"My divorce!" he cried contemptuously. "Do you suppose that Lady Mildred Priestly would allow her daughter to marry me if she knew of that unsavory episode in my past?"

"No; I don't! And that is why I can't understand what you are driving at in refusing my offer of silence."

"I am not driving at anything, Alice——"

"One moment," she interposed quickly; "don't use that name. I am Amabel Mostyn now—not Alice."

"I have no plan whatever," he went on, in a dull hopeless manner. "I am surrounded on all sides, and I see no way of escape——"

"Except my plan."

"Except your plan, which I can't entertain. Of the two expedients, I would rather murder you than marry Miss Priestly during your lifetime—it would be better to commit a crime that would recoil mainly on my own head than one that would recoil on hers; and yet it is hard for a thirsty man to push the cup of enjoyment from his own hands."

"Hush!" she said, suddenly, with upraised hand. "Here comes Mrs. Murray with my supper." She turned as a woman entered the room with a small tray covered over with a rather dirty cloth, and spoke to her. "This is my poor sister's husband, Mrs. Murray. He is just going to be married again; the lady is a niece of Lord Morristown."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the woman. "I ken his lairdship and his family moderately weel by sight. They spent several winters in Edinburgh when the young leddies were attending classes. My eldest daughter was in service with Madame Pentionelli, where they took their music-lessons. They're no too weel-favored are the Leddies Mackenzie. It's to be hoped your choice is pleasanter-looking."

Though the remark was addressed to Hayes, he took no notice of it. He was not in a mood to chat familiarly with Alice Mostyn's landlady over Miss Priestly's family connexions. And, judging by her manner of leaving the room, the worthy woman evidently resented his behavior.

"Who would have expected that?" said Miss Mostyn remorsefully. "How was I to imagine she would spring a whole family history on us like that?"

"It can't be helped," Hayes answered, rising; "it is only another tiding complication in a tangle that is already inextricable. You must give me until the morning to think this matter over quietly, Alice. My head is in a whirl to-night. With another turn of the screw, I should be light-headed. I see you still wear the old ring. Will you let me look at it?"

But she drew back swiftly from his outstretched hand.

"No, Pierrepoint," she said, calling him by his Christian name for the first time; "that ring has never been off my finger since you put it there, and it never will be until I have no longer a voice in the matter."

She stopped with an abruptness that mystified him until, looking round, he saw that the landlady had again entered the room. She had left the door ajar, and they had not heard her enter.

"I beg your pardon," she observed; "but, if ye'r' no wanting anything further the nicht, Miss Mostyn, I'll gang ta my bed. Yer brither-in-law will no be above letting himself out mebbe. We working-folk are airly risers, ye ken."

When she had gone again, this time shutting the door behind her, Miss Mostyn looked at Hayes in blank dismay, as she gasped—

"How much do you think she heard?"

"The whole of your speech, judging by her manner."

"How terribly unfortunate!"

"I don't think it matters much," he rejoined, with a miserable laugh. "Things can't possibly be worse than they are."

"Not for you, perhaps," she retorted angrily; "but they can for me! I don't want to put that inquisitive old woman on the scent of my assumed identity. She's as sharp as a razor at ferreting out a mystery."

She turned to the cupboard again, and helped herself to more whiskey, with some notion perhaps of forgetting this new annoyance; and Hayes watched her with loathing and horror in his eyes.

"I wouldn't drink any more of that if I were you," he said. "You had been at it before I came in. You've taken quite as much as you can carry steadily now, and, if you are going to be up alone in the house, I should advise——"

But she broke in with a sneering laugh and, as if it gave her pleasure to act in opposition to his wishes, filled her glass again and, after waving it towards him in open defiance, drained it to the dregs.

He shrugged his shoulders and looked round for his hat. Something in his gesture of hopeless disgust apparently aroused the antagonism which had been smouldering in her all through the interview. She moved quickly to the door and set her back against it.

"You're not going until I choose to let you!" she exclaimed. "You don't see so much of me that you need be in a hurry to run away!"

He sat down again at once and quietly awaited her pleasure, determined to avoid a scene at any cost. He knew that he need be patient only for a short time; already her over-indulgence was affecting her. If she was not excited by opposition, she would succumb to the effects of the drink

sooner or later, and he would be able to go his way without molestation.

But, even as the thought of leaving her there, helpless and alone, occurred to him; his glance wandered instinctively to the evil-smelling lamp on the round centre-table. Suppose she staggered against it after he was gone, and overturned the lamp!

"You're dying to go, aren't you," she queried jeeringly—"longing to start on your return journey to your aristocratic, immaculate lady-love! But, you see, for once you've both got to await my will. Don't put too much faith in the haughty young lady's truth and honor because she happens to be the granddaughter of an earl, Pierrepoint; they're just as human as the rest of us, and quite as likely to have their dangerous little secrets locked away from the daylight. What is she like to look at? All sweetness and gentleness, I'll be bound! All the more reason why you shouldn't trust her! Those quiet ones are always the deepest."

He rose after a time, as if he found it impossible to endure her tipsy innuendoes any longer, and paced the small room from side to side, stopping now and then to look out from the barely-curtained window at the silent deserted street below. Still the jeering, mocking voice went on with its scurrilous insinuations, every now and then making him quiver with suppressed passion.

It was a full hour later when he reached his hotel, and he stood for a moment on the steps exchanging observations with the hall-porter upon the beauty of the night. From where he stood, looking down the side-street and across the gardens, he could see the Castle, with a few lights glimmering here and there, its grim black outline clearly defined against the dark blue sky beyond. There was an impressive stillness in the air; the fascination of the place was on him; he could have wandered up and down the fairyland of moonlit Prince's Street all through the night.

The porter noticed his disinclination to come inside, and made a suggestive movement towards the door just as a fire-engine dashed across the silent square and swiftly disappeared at the other end.

"A fire!" exclaimed Hayes. "That will just suit me to-night! I don't feel as if I could breathe inside a house. I wonder where it is? There comes the escape! All right—don't wait for me! I shall see it out."

He ran off lightly and quickly, and overtook the fire-escape as it passed the corner of the square.

"Where is it?" he asked, as he bore a willing hand with the high towering machine.

"In Fanshawe Street," answered one of the men—"a bad street to work in, narrower than most, and tall houses of seven and eight flats the whole way down."

"Do you know the number?" gasped Hayes, a cold perspiration breaking out upon his brow.

"We'll know that soon enough when we get there. The call came that there were four or five women left in the top flats. We didn't wait for any more details, as you may imagine."

Hayes wasted no more breath in questions, but put forth all his strength to hurry the escape along.

Long before they turned the corner into Fanshawe Street, they heard the hoarse murmurs of the crowd and saw the reflection of the flames in the clouds of smoke that already hung over the doomed houses.

"Just what I thought," said one of the panting firemen—"the oil-cake mills at the back of the houses are alight!"

"How do you know?" asked Hayes.

"That smoke don't come from a simple dwelling-house; besides, I can smell the burning grease. Heaven help any poor creatures that may be in the back-rooms, for there'll be no getting near them in the heat from the mills."

Hayes said nothing—he was trying to recollect whether Alice Mostyn's room was at the front or the back of the house; but his brain was in such a turmoil that, though he had stood at her window looking down into the street scarcely more than an hour before, he could not decide the simple question with any degree of certainty.

As soon as they got into the thick of the crowd, he left the side of the fire-escape and began asking questions of those nearest to him.

Yes; the fire began at No. 14, but No. 15 was well lighted now. Somebody had said that the fire really began in the mills, but there was no knowing. Nobody knew how many people were missing yet. The top flats were both of them lodging places, and it was hard to say who was in or who was out at any hour of the day or night in those rookeries.

While Hayes was still pressing his inquiries, one of those near who overheard leaned forward to a woman who was moaning loudly in the front row of the crowd, and touched her upon the shoulder.

"Here, Annie woman—here's one of the newspaper folk wanting information. Hoo many are ye short of it in your house?"

"Gude sakes," cried the excited creature as she turned round and saw Hayes towering half a head above any one near him, "if it isn't the man that came to see puir Miss Mostyn this verra necht—her brither-in-law, ye ken!" she added, mindful, even in such a moment as that, of the reputation of her house. "Mebbe it's you that can give me mair information than I can give you, for you left the house the last of anybody. Was she in a state to look after hersel' when ye left her?"

Several of the crowd faced round and stared inquisitively at Hayes; but he was not sensitive to trifles just then, and did not notice that he was an object of curiosity.

"Do you mean that she has not been seen?" he asked hoarsely. "Good heavens, did you think only of your own safety? Didn't you rouse her?"

"We forgot she was so much as in the house," said the woman, beginning to weep and moan afresh. "There was oor ain five bairns to awaken and get oot, ye ken. Dinna be hard on us. Was it no' nature that we should think first of oor ain flesh and blood?"

He put his hand across his eyes for a moment, for the blood was surging so swiftly through his overwrought brain that he felt blind and dizzy. But the confusion passed, and in another instant he was using his great strength to force his way through the crowd towards the open space reserved for the fire-brigade and the salvage corps. And, above all the din surrounding him, above the roaring of the flames, the rush and hissing of the water, the thud, thud of the engines, the shouting of the officials in command, and the howling and shrieking of the swaying turbulent crowd, he could hear his own voice saying, with a quiet, slow, deadly distinctness—

"I wish you were dead now. It's an awful feeling to have, but it's the truth. If a word of mine would kill you, I'd speak it."

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG all the heroic workers at the fire not one worked harder or performed more prodigies of strength and daring than the tall dark man who had given a helping hand with the fire-escape that was first on the scene.

Long before it was safe to do so Pierrepoint Hayes would, if he had been allowed, have forced his way into the fiercely burning upper chambers. Nothing but the positive commands of those in authority, enforced, when words failed, by physical restraint, kept h from wantonly placing himself in a position of danger.

When, at last, in the broad brilliant sunlight of the June morning, the first party of investigation was organized to explore the ruins, still almost red hot, he insisted upon joining it. But he would have known as much if he had remained behind. The floors of the two topmost stories were burnt until not a vestige of them remained, beyond a few short ends of crossbeams projecting from the wall on one side. The flooring of the flat below was still to some extent intact, and here the men found what they had come to search for; but all question of identification was beyond the bounds of possibility. Not a shred of clothing was left on the charred remains which had fallen from both the upper floors and lay there undistinguishable until medical science should have examined them and decided the question.

The sight was too much for Hayes' nerves. He grew dizzy and weak, and, staggering like a drunken man, tried to find his way to the top of the staircase. One of the firemen saw at a glance how it was with him, and gave him a steadying hand till he was safe out of the choking, blinding vapors.

At the doorway below a policeman was posted. He looked at Hayes' livid face and turned inquiringly to the fireman.

"Things up-stairs were too much for him," said the man. "It's an awfu' sight beyond doubt. There must be at least six or seven of 'em, and some charred to bits."

"Ay," returned the constable pitifully, "the top flat was a tailoress' place, and most of the machinists slept on the premises, according to all accounts. They won't be easily identified, poor bodies; they won't have many friends to recognize 'em."

"Recognize?" echoed the fireman. "It would take an uncommon keen pair of eyes to recognize any of the poor bodies up yonder. Keep an eye on the gentleman till he's round a bit. He'll get his pockets lightened if he goes in among the crowd while he's faint."

But now that Hayes was in the fresh air, the feeling of nausea was passing away, and he began to recover.

"I should like your address before you go away, sir," said the constable civilly. "You are the gentleman who was with Mistress Murray's lodger last night, I think?"

"Yes; I called upon Miss Mostyn last evening."

He shuddered at the memories recalled by the constable's inquiry. The half-tipsy woman propped up against the door, with her long yellow hair hanging untidily about her head and face; the foul smoky lamp on the rickety centre table; the stage-clothes piled here and there on the furniture; the swathed costumes on the walls, swinging to and fro with the draught whenever the door was opened—he could see every trifling detail of the scene—he could even smell the lamp again.

"Well, as you were one of the last people known to be awake in the house, your evidence may be wanted at the inquiry."

"But," said Hayes, rousing himself with sudden impatience, "I cannot wait; I must be back in London to-night."

"I'm sorry if it's inconvenient, sir," rejoined the constable; "but these matters have to be attended to in any case. I should not try to go back to London to-day if I was in your place, sir."

Hayes reflected for a moment.

"When will the inquiry take place, do you think?"

"Some time to-morrow, sir."

He paused again. If it was absolutely necessary that he should give evidence in this matter, he had better stay and get the unpleasant business over at once. The more quietly he took things the less opportunity there would be for the gossips of Fanshawe Street to wonder and chatter.

"Very well," he said. "It is awkward—very awkward; but I suppose it's of no use making a fuss. I am staying at the Montrose, Kirkcaldy Square."

"And the name, if you please, sir?"

"The name? Haynes—Peter Haynes."

He stood by, still pallid and rather shaky, until the policeman had carefully written the name and address in a small pocket-book, and then he said "Good morning" and made his way through the crowd, followed by many curious glances, and walked back slowly to his hotel the silent length of Prince's Street.

It was hardly five o'clock, and the birds in the garden across the road seemed just then to be the only living things in the city. It was a weird unreal feeling, this being alone in the midst of the populous town. He began to wonder whether all the events of the past few hours had not been a hideous dream. The very silence added to the feeling of unreality.

The swaying crowd, the hoarse roar and thunderous murmur of its many voices, the leaping flames, the dense pall of smoke, the brave but hopeless efforts to force a way in at those upper windows, the hours of agonized suspense, and the awful climax, when at last they ventured in and saw those dread witnesses of the fire's power—had he really left that scene of horror behind him?

Looking round him now, alone as he was, with the sweetness and purity of the morning all about him, with the clear sunshine above him and the happy twittering of the birds in his ears, he asked himself if his imagination had not played him some trick. And, he paused, half doubting, for away in the distance the peace of the morning was broken by the clatter of a fire engine returning, and he was once more assured of the reality of the night's horrors.

He turned and stood to watch the approach of the fire engine as it came up the street towards him. The men—smoke begrimed like himself—raised their hands to their helmets and gave him a cheer as they dashed past him—a tribute to his powerful muscles and his unsparing use of them in the hour of need.

"He's a grand-made man," said one, "he's got the strength of two ordinary men!"

"Ay," said another, "and he knows how to use his strength too; and you can't say that of all big men, especially when they're fine gentlemen."

"He's no fine gentleman, Alec," remarked the first speaker; "he's been used to using his arms to some better purpose than holding a wee bit lassie's waist in a dancing-room, my lad. John Ramsey said he helpit at the old manual just as if he'd been accustomed to the work all his life."

"Did ye hear aught aboot his being freens wi' the play-actress woman who was burnt? Folks say that was what made him so frantic to get up to the windows himsel'."

"Mebbe that's what turned him sick when he saw the puir scorched corpses."

"Mebbe and mebbe not. Many a man as strong as a lion, and as fearless of danger too, will go as faint as a lassie at sic a sight as that."

"They do say he was the last person to leave the house before the fire broke out."

"If that's so, he'll have to speak at the fiscal's inquiry," answered the man Alec; "and we shall hear some more about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TORTOISE SHELLS.—Tortoise shell is the name applied to the large scales of the carapace, or shield of a species of sea turtle found in the Indian Ocean, Amboyna, New Guinea, Seychelles, Havana, and the Red Sea. The name originated from the fact that formerly the order of animals to which it belongs was little known, and all were classed under the general name of tortoises. A remarkable characteristic of this species is the arrangement of thirteen plates forming the carapace, which, instead of being joined together by their edges, so as to make to all appearances one plate, are thinned off at their edges and overlap each other, somewhat like tiles on a roof. The larger vary from a foot to eighteen inches long, by six inches broad, the thickness rarely exceeding the eighth of an inch. This material is beautifully mottled. Tortoise shell possesses a remarkable quality, which greatly enhances its value for the ornamental purposes to which it is applied—that is, its property of being easily softened by a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and of retaining any form into which it has been modeled while heated. Pieces of it can be welded together by the proper application of hot irons. Combs, razor-handles, snuff-boxes and many other useful and ornamental objects are made of this material. In India, China and Japan some beautiful objects are constructed from it, showing great taste and artistic skill.

SUGGESTIONS TO A GUEST.—Do not let the old saying, "The first day the man is a guest, the second a burden and the third a pest," be applied to you. Endeavor to time your arrival so that it shall not interfere with your friends' meal hours, and arrange so that your baggage shall be delivered without being a care to them. Do not outstay your welcome; do not even stay as long as you are asked to. Allow your hostess time to attend to her household duties; observe the hour at which her husband is likely to return from business, and try to arrange so that he may find his wife alone at that time; you can easily find an excuse for absenting yourself. Try to be unconscious of any friction which may exist in the household machinery, and by your punctuality do your best toward keeping it in regular motion. Be thoughtful of your hostess, affectionate to her children and courteous to her servants. When leaving, bestow some little gift upon each of the servants, and send something to the cook; she is generally the one in the house whose work is most increased by the presence of visitors, and she is usually the one ignored in the general present-giving which ensues as the guests prepare to depart.

GLASS PAPER.—Glass paper is made by powdering glass (that with the greenish tint being considered the best), and sifting it through a very fine wire sieve, to separate the finest portion of the powder. This is used for the smoothest degree of glass paper.

The remainder is then sifted successively through sieves gradually increasing in coarseness to suit the different degrees of paper required, the result of each sifting being kept separate. Good tough paper is then smoothed on both sides with pumice-stone, after which it is tacked on a board. Some manufacturers employ a tolerably fine quality of muslin.

The surface of the paper or muslin is given a coating of strong glue size, and the glass of the required fineness is immediately dusted over it, equally and thoroughly, with the same sieve that was employed to separate it from the rest of the powdered glass. When dry the surplus glass is thrown off for future use. Emery paper is prepared in the same manner, using emery in place of glass.

IN EXILE.

BY SUSANNA J.

The sweetest dream that comes to me
  From days whose light is o'er
Is of the home that I shall see
  With waking eyes no more.
In sleep my childhood lives again;
  I tread, and not alone,
Familiar field and winding lane,
  And think them still mine own.

And, now that May and chestnut tree
  Are full of silver bloom,
I think how all the days for me
  Once breathed of such perfume;
And oft in dreams my spirits goes
  About the ferny hill
That lies, an emblem of repose,
  Among the meadows still.

'Tis said that in the promised heaven
  Our souls' desire shall be
Made pure from stain on earth and given
  To each in his degree.
My dream of bliss is therefore this—
  To pass from change and pain,
To have once more a childish heart
  And childhood's home again!

A Fortunate Mistake.

BY E. M. C.

"IT'S all no use, I can see," said Bob Morgan, stepping back from the sketch he had just made of a pretty bit of scenery. "If I finish it, and take it to Staunton, he'll only laugh. I am not cut out for an artist; neither can I get even bread and cheese, let alone an income to marry on, out of literature. I'm sure that was a capital tale I sent to the editor of The Snowflake last week, and he just sent it back with the old insult, that I've got so used to 'declined with thanks.' I really don't know what I can turn to, brought up to nothing, and expecting a fortune; it's hard enough for fellows to make a position, who have studied from boyhood, with everything in their favor. I must either enlist or emigrate; but there, I'll go and talk to my pretty Mabel. Thank Heaven, I can still see her bright face occasionally."

A few minutes later, Bob Morgan was sitting on the trunk of an old tree, on the outskirts of the wood, with his arm round the waist of a fair pretty girl, his betrothed wife, whom he was now obliged to meet secretly, in consequence of his loss of fortune.

She did not look mirthful herself tonight; her eyes were heavy with tears recently shed, and her pretty mouth was even now quivering with partially suppressed grief.

"Why, my darling little May," Bob was saying. "What is the matter? The sight of your bright face clouded, makes me feel as if all the world were wrapped in gloom, this fair summer evening."

"Oh, dear Bob, I am so unhappy. You remember me telling you that Mr. Falkland, an old friend of papa's, had come to stay with us on a visit? Well, it is too dreadful, Bob; mamma says he wants to marry me, and that if I do not say yes, when he asks me, we shall all be ruined."

"To marry you, Mabel!" exclaimed Bob indignantly. "The old fright, how dare he? Why, didn't you tell me that he was eighty?"

"Oh no, Bob, but he is over sixty, and that's quite as old, I think," said Mabel illogically.

"And what does your mother mean about being ruined?" asked Bob.

"Oh, I don't quite understand it," answered Mabel thoughtfully. "Something about a mortgage, which papa let him have."

"Well, mortgage or ruin, or whatever else happens, Mabel, don't let them frighten you into marrying your grandfather. We will run away together, and live on my fifty pounds a year, first," said Bob stoutly; and then followed much loving talk, and many castles in the air, for Bob's presence seemed to bring back all Mabel's light-heartedness.

But when she had left him, and he returned to his home alone, all the fears and anxieties he had shaken off, returned with ten-fold force.

"I know what you are capable of, my good Mrs. Walton," he soliloquized, apostrophising his mother-in-law elect. "It's quite possible that the mortgage story is all made up, to try and frighten my poor little girl into the idea that she is making a noble sacrifice of herself, for the benefit of the others. And I suppose that horrible old fellow follows her about, and grins at her, and forces his odious presence on her, when he ought to be thinking of his grave, the old villain. He's sure to be a coarse old brute, for all the money was made in trade."

Bob felt all the contempt for such a sordid manner of amassing wealth that the son of an over-worked rector, with a large family, and small stipend, would naturally feel.

"However, he shall not rob me of my darling, nor even vex her with his impudent attentions, without first having his eyes opened. If he was a young man, now, I could punch his head, but as it is, if he had any feeling at all, he shall receive a blow of another kind." With which warlike resolution, Bob went to sleep, and slept soundly, in spite of his troubles.

Next day, he went off and had an interview with Jemmy, the odd man at Walton Lodge, with which pretentious name Mrs. Walton had dignified her small house. Bob used to be a favorite of old Jemmy's, on account of the numerous packets of tobacco, etc., which found their way from his pockets to the old man's, before Mrs. Walton had forbidden him the house, on account of his altered prospects.

From Jemmy, Bob learnt that the old gent, as the odd man designated the rich man, would probably go down to fish in the mill stream, between breakfast and luncheon.

"Thanks, Jemmy, and now tell me exactly what he is like," said Bob.

But this information Jemmy was not able to impart with much success, so Bob felt he would have to trust to chance to show him the right man, if more than one old gentleman should select the same time and place for his fishing.

"Ah, there he is!" said Bob to himself, as he described a solitary figure on the bank.

But when he drew nearer, he was not at all sure of his man. This gentleman was a jolly sprightly-looking man of fifty-five, with an air of refinement about him which could hardly have belonged to a trader.

Bob drew out his easel and set up all his paraphernalia ready to sketch, feeling all his courage of last night deserting him.

"Good-morning. Hope you will be very lucky," he said, when the angler had just landed a fine trout.

"Thanks; I've had one or two very fair takes this week," responded the old gentleman, and he then became quite talkative, so that Bob soon had his doubts set at rest. He was Mr. Falkland, the man who had come to marry Mabel, and rob him of his love, who had been his since they both wore pinafores.

But though he made many attempts to broach the subject, and though he had never disgraced a piece of canvass with a worse daub than he put on that morning, the hours slipped by, and the old gentleman rose to return, without his having said one word to let him know that Mabel was not free to be wooed by him.

Now, desperation made him "screw his courage to the sticking point," and with a very red face and faltering voice, he said:

"Sir, I have a most—that is, I want to say—I would speak to you in private, if you please."

"Yes," answered Mr. Falkland, looking surprised but quite unconscious. "I shall be most happy to hear any communication you please to make; and, as I cannot invite you to Walton Lodge, being only a visitor there, and as there is no one to hear except the birds and squirrels to overhear our conversation, perhaps we can talk now?"

"Yes, certainly; I came on purpose," stammered Bob, growing more and more nervous; "I want to tell—that is, you must please understand that I—you—you—in fact, you can't marry Mabel Walton, and what's more, you sha'n't!"

Bob's sudden and defiant conclusion arose more from rage at his unfortunate loss of words, than from any other cause.

"Sir!" said Mr. Falkland, looking at him with displeasure mixed with the slight alarm as if he had been an escaped lunatic. "Will you kindly explain yourself?"

"There is nothing to explain, sir; I only wish to accept the fact," said Bob, now thoroughly exasperated by the other's coolness. "I was engaged to Mabel Walton, with the full consent of both our parents, when I was heir to my uncle's fortune. But he, enraged because I would not marry his adopted daughter, left her his fortune and me only fifty pounds per annum. Then Mrs. Walton told me Mabel should not marry a pauper, and so broke off our engagement though it was for Mabel's sake I lost my fortune."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Falkland, as Bob paused for breath, "in that case, the young lady is free to accept another offer."

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" Bob almost roared. "I said her mother broke it off; but Mabel still loves me, and will wait until I can provide her a home. But Mrs. Walton has made up her mind that she shall marry you, and though Mabel will be firm, it will cause her endless discomfort and vexation if she is persecuted about it."

"But really, young man, I think you have acted very meanly; you have persuaded a girl to wait for you when you have no prospect of marrying her; and you encourage her to disobey her parents, who, very properly, wish her to accept the richest suitor. This is very sad."

"You wicked old hypocrite! If you were my own age, you would soon have my fist in your face! However, as you have no honor, I can't appeal to it; only, if you dare worry my poor girl, I'll make you repent it!"

And in fearful wrath, Bob picked up his easel, and strode away.

"Stop, stop, young man! One moment; I cannot let you go like that," cried Mr. Falkland; and Bob did stop, and as he glared at the old gentleman with savage eyes, the latter suddenly burst into a loud peal of hearty laughter.

"It's very amusing, no doubt," sneered Bob, longing to hit him on the head with his own fishing can.

"It is amusing, sir. It is the best joke I have heard for many a long day. So Mrs. Walton had matchmaking on her mind when she invited me down here for a quiet fish. She really thought I was likely to marry that pretty little blue-eyed girl, did she? A girl several years younger than my own daughter, Ha, ha, ha! Excuse me, young man. Ha, ha!"

"Really; sir, if I have been mistaken ——" began Bob, feeling foolish, yet delighted.

"My dear young fellow, you never were more mistaken, I do assure you. Now you mention this, I can see it may possibly be the old lady's idea, but, believe me, nothing is farther from my thoughts than marrying any one, still less that sweet child. But, come, accept my apologies for not undeceiving you at your expense. Will you walk back with me, to prove your forgiveness?"

Bob readily assented, only too glad of any excuse to go near Mabel's home.

Then the old gentleman drew from him an account of his unsuccessful attempts to get a livelihood, and, in return for his confidence, made a proposal which gladdened his heart, and caused his hopes of marrying Mabel to rise again.

"I have a great business as a merchant; my ships are on every sea, and I have no son to help me. My only daughter's husband is an independent gentleman, with an ample fortune of his own. There is absolutely no one to take to my business when I am gone. If you find all the fine arts positively closed to you in getting a living, what say you to making a trial of merchandise? Will you come into my office for a month, and if you like it, and show the aptitude necessary, I would do a great deal for the daughter of my old friend, who is as sweet an English rose herself as ever gladdened the eyes of a lonely old man."

Six months after Bob was plunging heart and soul into the mysteries of the craft he had once despised, and Mrs. Walton smiled as sweetly as ever on the protege of the great merchant.

Bob soon became the happy husband of pretty Mabel, and was wont to think with a shudder of his past hopeless days and nights of unsuccessful toil at arts for which he had no capacity, while now he is continually adding large amounts to the balance at his banker's.

Mr. Falkland often visits them, and always enjoys a hearty laugh at the recollection of Bob's attack on him at the mill stream.

"You may enjoy your joke as much as you please, my dear sir," says Bob. "I only know that for me it proved a lucky mistake!"

A HISTORIC BALLOON VOYAGE.—Gambetta, with his friend M. Spuller and M. Triquet the aeronaut, left Paris, then besieged by the Germans, in the balloon, Armand Barbes, on the seventh of October, 1870. Gambetta had been commissioned by a public decree to go to the provinces to inspire the people of France generally with something of the ardent patriotism that existed in Paris. The aerial journey was accomplished in the face of many dangers. A French writer thus describes it.

Hardly had the balloon passed the French lines, when the three men heard the whistling of Prussian bullets. To escape them, M. Triquet threw out ballast, and the balloon rose high in the air. But a balloon cannot rise or even sustain itself at the height attained unless ballast be thrown out.

The Armand Barbes began descending over a field which the Prussians had occupied but a few hours before, and not far from a German post.

More bags of sand were thrown out, however, and the balloon again took flight, amidst a shower of projectiles from the enemy.

The next time it descended Triquet kept it about a hundred feet from the ground. The country here was occupied by Wurtembergers, who began a lively firing at the balloon as soon as they could get their arms, which fortunately for the Frenchmen, were stacked when first they saw the balloon detaching itself from a cloud. Triquet succeeded in raising it before they had received any more serious injury than a bullet in Gambetta's hand; but in accomplishing this escape much ballast was sacrificed.

When the balloon began to descend again, Triquet had nearly exhausted his supply of sand bags. Happily for the voyagers, the Germans, who were on the outskirts of a wood, did not dare to enter it for fear of coming on a French ambuscade, and were obliged, therefore, to content themselves with following the Armand Barbes with a well-directed fire.

One more rise was produced by throwing out the last of the ballast. This took the balloon over the forest, and it descended into the upper branches of an oak. Gambetta and his companions touched solid earth again at Montdidier, and at once set out for Amiens.

Snowball.

BY I. J. K.

SNOWBALL!—yes, I believe you, she was—over the left, of course; that's why I called her Snow(!)ball from the hour I had her. She was black as the ace of spades, a real, sable beauty—of her race, that is—a Malay from the Island of Borneo.

I had gone down one evening, after leaving my office (I am a literary woman, and was then sub-editor of a weekly paper), to welcome an old family friend, who was the captain of an East India trading vessel which had just docked, and there was this poor little baby thing whimpering piteously.

The mother had got killed last night by some accident, and the young one being almost too young to feed itself, was half starved with hunger, no one—not even Jack who had brought the couple over—having much time, as yet, to try feeding it.

You may laugh at me, I daresay—I don't care if you do—but womanlike, I suppose, I took pity at once on the helpless little stranger, though I had never liked her race, I assure you; but she crept into my lap the moment I chirruped to her and called her "Snowball," and dropped her black head on my arm as if she hadn't any strength left, so what could I do but get some soft food and set myself to feed her; and then she curled up on my knees and went to sleep in the wrap I put her in to keep her warm.

Well, to shorten the story, I gave Jack a pound to hand her over to me, and I carried her off to my lodgings, and she is with me still, my only and constant companion wherever I live; the most docile, devotedly attached companion anyone ever had; so intelligent, so tame—why she can do almost anything like any Christian—mimic anything (that of course), and chatters to me—all but talk; but she and I quite understand each other, I can tell you.

She reached her full growth a few years ago, just about the time of the story I am going to tell you about my favorite; and I have been offered a large sum of money for her. Not I—not for thousands—my dear, loving Snowball!

What is she, then? a Malay girl, a—— Stop a bit. She is covered with long, black hair, she is quite five feet high, and more powerful than many a man. If anyone attacked me, I tell you, she would be a terrible enemy to encounter. Snowball is one of the largest, most splendid specimens you ever saw of a female orang-outang. There, now, you have it.

It is said that, in the Malay dialect, the name by which these animals are known, means "wild man" (or woman, according to sex, I suppose) "of the woods," and they are certainly the species of the mon-

key race which most resembles, as a grotesque parody, the "human form divine." I should think Darwin must have hob-nobbed very delightedly with his big brethern of the Borneo forest; perhaps some old Solomon amongst them inspired the Professor to theorize himself into a monkey.

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier,
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then, he was Man—and a Positivist."

Well, if he and his followers like to be apes, they're quite welcome, of course; but I object to their coolly saying "You're another" to the rest of the world. I don't see it, you know!

Well, to return. About three years ago, the proprietor of my paper died, and a new man brought the paper, who had his own 'tail,' and soon ousted the old staff; but, personally, I cared little, as I didn't like him, and I had plenty of literary work of my own now to do.

One day I had a letter from a friend, who was the editor of a country paper, the Betham Times. It appeared he was just going to be married, in his holiday, only a few days hence, he had engaged a "grass-hand" editor, pro tem., who had shamelessly thrown it up at the last minute, and poor Crawford was in despair. Could I possibly come down and take the berth, "on your terms?" besides the entire use of his own bachelor rooms (the whole top floor above the printing and publishing offices), with attendance from the old caretaker's wife, as he had. "Of course, too, my dear girl, you can bring your Malay pet."

I wrote back by return, to the point:

"MY DEAR CRAWFORD.—Of course I'll come. I can do my own writing at night. Your rooms and attendance I'll accept with thanks. They will suit the 'she-bachelor,' but I can't take pay from an old office chum. I'll come early on Saturday, and take your instructions.

Yours faithfully,
"MARJARET DANVERS."

So, early on Saturday morning, Snowball and I went off in a cab to the station, where we, or rather she did, made quite a sensation amongst the early passengers and employes. I took third-class tickets, but, as usual, I had to tip the guard to take us into his van.

At Bentham Station we were met by Crawford with a fly, and Snowball knew him at once. It was comical to see her delight when she shook hands with him on the platform, to the great amusement of those about.

"Ain't that there great beauty got manners!" I heard a porter remark. "Wonder if she'd do it to me now."

I turned.

"Certainly, Snowball, shake hands with the porter, like a lady," I said, pointing to the man.

She obeyed with a grin and chatter, meant for "How do you do?" and then we got into the fly and drove off to Crawford's rooms, where the housekeeper received us, and served up some dinner, a trifle afraid of my Bornean at first, till she saw how gentle the creature was.

After I had my instructions, I was formally installed in three rooms on the third (top floor), introduced to the editor's room below, and then Crawford departed to go off by train to the next town, where, on Monday, the wedding was to take place.

Bentham was the queerest, most scattered old country town I ever saw, for the houses really seemed to have been popped down quite indiscriminately in a haphazard way with long roads, and a long green in the centre. There would be several houses standing alone, then some semi-detached, then a dozen in an irregular row, no two built alike.

Thus, with our quarters of the Bentham Weekly Times, which was situated on "the Green," the main thoroughfare, in fact, the actual house itself stood solitary—a three-windowed, three-storied building, with a parapet at the top, and a big, unsightly waste water pipe, running down the front, just outside the third window to the west.

On that side of the house there was only a narrow space, say, perhaps, twelve to fifteen feet at a guess, for I never measured it, and then came three two-storied houses, shops with a parapet outside, dormer windows to attics. On the other, or east side of us, there was at least forty feet of space, before the next range of houses. Remember the above geography of our position, please.

Our machine room was built out in the back garden ground. The second floor, just below my apartments, was taken up by the composing-rooms (we did general printing also), and the first floor and level floor were taken up with offices, editor's room, and so forth. Below the office was a half-basement, where were the kitchen and room occupied by old Hodson, the caretaker, and his wife; altogether a queer, mixed up sort of arrangement, I should say, to any London ideas of business management, but I suppose it suited the country way; chacun a son gout!

Of course, rumors flew about before Monday, that the new editor from London had got a huge pet monkey, or some animal, which the overseer, who had waited on Saturday to be introduced to me, confirmed on Monday morning, as Snowball was sitting quietly in my editorial sanctum, when Mr. Slingsby came in for copy; then it was fun, I tell you; there was the greatest curiosity right through the office, from boys to machine men.

The excuses that were made to come to me for this, that, and the other. In sheer self-defence I took the bull by the horns in the dinner hour, for when the men and and boys came back, and were lounging about in the back premises, once a garden, till it was time to get to work again, I told Snowball to come along and keep close, and went straight down, out to the men, with her at my side.

"I've brought my orang-outang, to introduce you all to her," I announced, laughing; I couldn't help it, it was such a comical scene. They all crowded round to shake hands with her, asked no end of the oddest questions, and one old man said, as a clinching compliment.

"It's like the fair story, Miss, of 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

From that hour, we two were established high as favorites in the office, and, indeed, our fame and popularity spread all over Bentham; so we got on famously that fortnight. For me, of course, it was pretty driving work, because, after office hours, I had my own writing to do, especially in the second week, during which I was never in bed till three o'clock in the morning, having promised a lot of work to reach London by the first post on the Monday, on which day Crawford was to resume his place. He and his bride were to arrive late on Saturday night, at their pretty little new home near Bentham Church.

I got all my copy finished, and posted off before five, had my tea, and near eight betook myself to take the report of a grand local entertainment, given by the big-wigs of the place, for the Cottage Hospital.

By the time I had got back to my rooms and had had some supper, it was past eleven; but though I was very tired, I sat down to write out the notice at once, to be ready for Crawford. I was to spend Sunday with them, you see, and Snowball was especially asked by the bride.

Whilst I worked, Snowball was fast asleep in the little "slip" room, next this sitting-room, a door being between. How I envied her that sound sleep; but I finished my notice, fastened the paper together with a paper sticker, and rolled it up, ready to take down to the editorial table to-morrow. I remember almost staggering as I rose, flinging myself on the sofa close by, too dead beat to move further, and then I knew no more.

I am a slight, wiry woman, of the vivid order of temperament, and a light sleeper, naturally, but this once, for some two hours I must have been in a dead sleep, indeed.

Yet, presently, a dreadful nightmare came into my dream. It was the Day of Judgment, and I was amongst the lost souls. I felt stifling, breathless; struggled to cry out, move, and could not. I heard the wails of the condemned spirits, the beating as of muffled drums, the roar and heat of the infernal fires, and yet all was darkness the most awful, and as I strove to fly, a fiend, all hack and hairy, seized my arm and shook me wildly; with a wrench and strangled cry that I could hear distinctly, I sprang to my feet, choking, dizzy, appalled—it was my Snowball's grip on me! She, pallid, chattering with terror, was shaking me to wake! The door was wide; in from that room, under the other door, in through the open casement, pour volumes of smoke red with the glare of flames!

Horror! the house was on fire from below. With one instinct I caught up that copy and sprang to the door, with a cry, "Snowball, follow me," and opened the door. I dashed the door to again, beaten back by dense smoke and heat, and the crackling of burning stairs.

No escape that way. I heard the beat of the water pumped by the fire engines, the roar of the flames, and shouts of the crowd below, as we rushed to the window nearest the west side. Great Heaven! what a crowd of scared upturned faces, lighted up by the mad flames that leapt up from below higher every minute.

Shall I ever forget the sight, with all its awful horror? The building was ablaze inside and out. They reared a fire escape, and a brave fellow mounted by it; it only reached the floor below, and the fire came bounding up the walls.

"Down—save yourself!" I cried, wildly. "Nothing can reach us!"

They tried again, and were forced to give back. I saw and heard women weeping and strong men sob, and a strange feeling came over me as I gave up all hope—a strange resignation, calm for myself, but if only the poor soulless creature by me could save herself.

"Snowball," I cried, with sudden joy, and pulled her to the window, now nearly gained by tongues of flame, which the water could not check, "get out—on the ledge—leap—I'll push you." I patted the ledge, made as though to get out, and the intelligent animal caught my meaning so far. She loosed my arm and leaped up, holding by the window; there was a yell from below, a yell of execration, as, suddenly, Snowball perceived that waste pipe, melted below, but still holding up here. With a gibber she clutched it; her instinct told her she could easily climb up it to the roof, though, poor thing, that was no safety for ten minutes. I leaned out as she gripped it, then looked at me, eagerly, chattering, gesticulating with her free hand. I must follow her, I understood her to mean.

"I can't, my poor Snowball!" I cried, with a choked sob; "fly—I can't climb," and I shrank back white as death.

In an instant she seemed to understand the position—the faithful creature had never meant to desert me, as the crowd thought; she leaped back into the room, caught me round the waist in one long, powerful arm, so tight that I could scarcely breathe, mounted the sill again, amidst such a roar from the comprehending crowd, as the huge animal swarmed up—up. I heard the crash in of the whole upper flooring, and then another wild roar from the crowd. Snowball swung over into the parapet, and ran along it, with me in her arm at that dizzy height, then stopped at the west side.

"Dear, brave Snowball—we are lost!" I said, hoarsely; "the flames are on us—the whole roof will fall!"

For the red tongues were leaping madly curled once or twice over the coping behind. Snowball gave one look behind, another before her—clutched me to her, and before I could even guess her intention, she took one desperate leap, and landed on the parapet of the next house, uttering a cry of triumph as she grasped the centre bar of the open dormer window to study herself.

In that moment the mad cheering of the crowd was mingled with the shouts from the firemen.

"Back!—back! for your lives!" as the roof crashed in with a roar that lulled even the roar of the flames for a moment. Then I had a dim consciousness of voices close by—of being carried still by Snowball through the window into a room, and then I remember no more.

When I came to myself again, I was lying on a bed, on one side of which an elderly lady (the mistress of the house) and a doctor; on the other I saw Crawford, and seated on the bedside close to me, holding my hand firmly, was my faithful dumb friend, who had saved my life when no human being could possibly do it. The poor thing's frantic joy when I spoke to her; and caressed her, was truly pathetic to witness. Crawford told me that, terrified and exhausted though she was when we were both helped into the attic, she would scarcely even lay me on the bed, and had never loosed my hand.

Crawford had been in the crowd, the old people below had been saved with difficulty, it seemed, but how the fire began was never known—it had got terrible hold before a policeman discovered the place to be in a blaze below.

Crawford and his wife kept us both with them, till we had quite recovered the shock of that fearful night, which I think none of us will ever forget.

Now do you wonder that I am so fond of my Malay companion, "Snowball?"

ROVING RAGOM: "After all, it pays ter be perlite, pardner." Jacob Jaggs: "Not always. The other day I was actin' deaf and dumb, and when a man gave me a dollar I says, 'Thank ye, sir!' and he had me arrested."

Scientific and Useful.

GLASS CLOTH.—The frizzled glass threads from which cloth is woven are said to surpass in fineness, not only the finest cotton, but even the thread of the silkworm's cocoon, their softness and elasticity being even greater than that of manufactured silk "flint."

BARBER'S SHEARS.—A pair of shears for barbers is a late invention. The pivot between the blades is extended to carry a comb, which is parallel with the scissors. By the aid of a nut the distance between the shears and the comb can be varied and the hair cut at any desired length.

RUBBER FOR FLOORS, ETC.—An Englishman has invented a rubber stud for floors and stairs. It consists of a small iron plate with nails projecting from the under surface, around which rubber is molded. It is fixed in place by a blow of the hammer, the advantage being that when worn it can be easily removed and replaced by others.

CANARIES.—Canaries when fed with Cayenne pepper gradually change their color, passing from yellow to red. Cayenne pepper contains a tinctorial substance, an irritative principle and an oil. When the last two substances are extracted by steeping in alcohol pepper loses its coloring properties, but an addition of olive oil restores them.

MEXICAN BATHERS.—An interesting sight along the Rio Grande is to see a regiment of Mexican soldiers taking a compulsory bath. It is only under compulsion that the rank and file of the army ever do bathe, and when the ceremony is in progress, one half of the regiment enters the water while the other half stands guard on bank, rifles in hand to shoot down any many who attempts to desert. When their ablutions have been finished, the men resume their places in line and guard their comrades while they bathe.

Farm and Garden.

THE YOUNG.—A colt, calf or pig grows more rapidly when very young than at any other period, and the gain in size can be secured at less cost at the early age. For that reason all young stock should be pushed in growth, not only during the fall but through the winter also.

ON THE FARM.—Civilization and settlement will sooner or later drive the large herds of cattle off the ranges, and our future beef supply must be produced on the farms. The business of raising beef cattle will pay any farmer who will use the beef producing breeds. The greatest blow ever given the farmers was when the cattlemen on the plains begin to improve with pure-bred bulls, for they could then put better beef on the market than could the farmer. Cattle have paid well in the East when choice steers were made a specialty.

WINTER LABOR.—Much of the labor of winter is but an effort to keep a lot of culls or inferior animals in existence. It is customary with some farmers to feed steers, wethers, or other animals that are not reproductive on the coarse food only, simply to bring them over the winter, to be sold in spring. The time, labor and cost of the food will be quite an item, for unless an animal is continually gaining in flesh it is entailing a loss. There should be no resting spells during the fattening process.

ROADS.—A great many graveled roads are so narrow, as well as hilled at the centre, as to render is difficult for two large loads of hay to pass, except at a risk. There is no necessity for having roads round on the surface. While sufficient slope from the centre should be allowed for drainage, yet the road should be so constructed as to permit of hauling being done without compelling teams to turn out into mud when they meet from opposite directions. It is a heavy drain on a team drawing a large load to turn out of the way sometimes.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

On Friendship.

A most obvious use of friendship is the companionship it affords—companionship of so intimate a kind that it exercises the best powers of a man.

Many literary men cannot think until they begin to write—they are dull, barren, inert,—but when they take up the pen, thought begins to flow fresh, limpid, surprising. Then they sink back into their dormant state, and, meeting themselves in their article next morning, wonder at their own thoughts with the odd feeling, "Only the hand that wrote was mine."

Other men find enlargement in talk. Their mind is a carefully-sealed "surprise-packet" which talk alone can explore and unfold.

Such deliverance as is given by writing and by talk friendship brings to us. In familiar intercourse with those whom we know and unreservedly trust, how we expand and burgeon out, plumbing our own thoughts, giving rein to our fancy, basking in the warmth of affections which we ordinarily hide; or else we lie fallow, resting without care, making no effort to entertain others or to participate in the swift interchange of mental impressions, but content to loll at ease, suffused and penetrated by a consciousness of the stability, sufficiency, and graciousness of human trust and love.

Emerson has finely expressed the feeling in one of those bright flashes of insight that here and there irradiate the thick tangled mazes of his philosophy. "Friendship," says he, "flings wide the doors of existence."

But friendship not only is an inspiration and softens the surroundings of a man's life; it has its very practical uses. How often a friend can make a way for the man whom he has learned to know, can interpret him to the world and put others at a point of observation from which they are able to understand him!

None of us stamp our impress on the world half so successfully as our friends do it for us. The reason perhaps is that given by Bacon, that "all those things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own."

Our friend tones down our weaknesses, places our virtues in relief, magnifies us, and presents us to the world for admiration; and so three-fourths of reputation is second-hand. The men are legion who were unknown until they found a friend who gloried in advertising them.

It has often been pointed out that friends are not unfrequently the opposites of each other—one chatty, the other silent; one hopeful, the other bodeful; one imaginative, the other exact; one practical, the other a visionary. It may be that this assortment of unlikes is one of Nature's correctives; each finds in his friend that which he himself lacks.

A certain antagonism is also needed to give spice and relish to a companionship.

Independence is essential to respect; the man who is another man's echo is his satellite and lackey, but can hardly be called his friend, for he is incapable of one of the prime functions of friendship—the giving of counsel.

"I hate," says Emerson, "where I looked for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find only a mush of concession." That is it. One can hardly avoid a spasm of contempt for those who weakly give way; the flattery does not compensate for the loss of fresh thought.

In assessing the values of men, all except the vainest of us rate them according to the degree in which they quietly hold their own while they have an own to hold; and it is so doubly with our friends.

There is a whole literature about false friends; but in almost every case the man who was deceived had only gathered round him men who were prepared to burn incense at his shrine, and, when the shrine was defaced by the blows of poverty or failure, they naturally went elsewhere with their incense. How could they act as flattering echoes to one whom fortune had discredited?

Some have barred themselves from friendship because they sought it only on impossible terms; they hedged themselves round with "love me, love my dog" conditions. Thus Pope, with the pettiness of a person small, vain, and smart, announced, "My friend must hate the man who injures me"—a large order, well-nigh impossible of fulfilment when we remember how the most cobwebby opposition was counted as an injury by the irascible little poet.

If a man whom we cannot draw near ourselves has around him stalwart and faithful friends, it ought to be taken by us as presumptive evidence of his worth, though that worth may not be suited for our enjoying.

The innumerable clusters of friends which are formed by spontaneous mutual attraction all around us, we being free to few of their circles, may profitably speak to us of worth spread generously abroad over mankind, though each individual of us can appreciate fully only here a little and there a little.

"I never can see what people admire in him," is often heard; but the speaker stands self-condemned. It is the same with our inability to appreciate the friendly qualities of other people' friends; they are there, but our eyes are holden.

An interesting by-phase of friendship is probed in the question how far those unequal alliances may be termed friendships when admiration and devotion are found on one side and a good-natured tolerance on the other side.

Were Johnson and Boswell friends? There can be no question that Boswell performed for his hero many of the offices of friendship, though probably they never met so frankly on the same plane of manly equality as to be termed friends in the best sense of the word.

Perhaps there is no stronger prompting to the formation of friendships than the desire to have a sharer of our secrets, a halver of our troubles, a repository of our hopes—some one to whom we may make audible the whisperings of our hearts.

That is a weakness which may be readily forgiven, it is so common and so natural. But it seems to us that there is a deeper truth in the grim solitariness of the ancient saying, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger cannot intermeddle with its joy," than in all the gushing of talkative sympathy.

The true support of friendship in time of trouble comes in the vague form of a faithful presence near rather than in what may be said. In the moments of supremest wrestling, as in the hour of final release, we must tread our destined path alone. But short of that, in commoner moments, there is an inexpressible solace in communing with trusted friends.

Bacon has worded the thought with rare felicity. "The principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart. No receipt openeth the heart like a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift." The gracious influence of friendship—the least self-seeking of all emotions—has been felt by all strong and tender souls. How shall we attain such measure of friendship as our nature will permit? There is one rule—to have a friend one must be a friend.

TO-DAY'S privileges cannot be enjoyed nor to-day's duties discharged to-morrow. "To-morrow" may never come. If it does come, it will bring its own privileges and duties—privileges made less and duties made greater by to-day's neglect.

IF we stand in the openings of the present moment, with all the length and breadth of our faculties unselfishly adjusted to what it reveals, we are in the best condition to receive what God is always ready to communicate.

OPPORTUNITY is in respect to time, in some sense, as time is in respect to eternity,—it is the small moment, the exact point, the critical minute, on which every good work depends.

SELF-DENIAL does not belong to religion as characteristic of it; it belongs to human life; the lower nature must always be denied when you are trying to rise to a higher sphere.

TRUTH is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life.

IT is a duty to think of and for others, in small things as well as in great, to study their feelings, to cultivate sympathy, forbearance, good-will and tenderness.

NOT only is Fortune herself blind, but she generally causes those persons to be blind whose interests she has more particularly taken in hand.

ALMS are the salt of riches.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

KITTY.—The initials "R. S. V. P." represent as many French words, meaning "Answer if you please." We have often replied to this question.

REMEMBER.—A la carte simply means according to the bill of fare or carte which is presented to you by the waiter. You can select anything that is set down on it for your dinner.

S. R. T.—The Greeks and Romans verily believed in their gods and goddesses, and spoke and wrote about them as real personages; hence the frequent mention of them in the histories of those nations. Apollo was the sun god.

BRIDESMAID.—The custom of throwing rice is borrowed from the East; it is by no means a pleasant habit, and only recently some serious accidents have happened from it. Old shoes are said to lucky.

BOOKWORM.—The snakestone of India, which is said to have the power of drawing the venom from a snake bite, is now known to be tabasheer, an absorbent variety of opal formed in the joints of some kinds of bamboo. It appears first as a liquid, then becomes gum-like, and hardens owing to the evaporation of the liquid.

READER.—A tout is a man who hangs around the track and gives pointers to different men on the four or five most likely horses in a race, and, sometimes, on every horse. Then, when the winner cashes his chips the tout follows him and asks for money. Some one is sure to win every time. The tout never stands to lose, and sometimes he makes big money.

S. S.—There are several handbooks on painting on plush, velvet, and silk, and also on painting on thin ivory. You can get a list through any bookseller or newsagent. Painting on plush and velvet is usually done with the heavy water colors, known as body water colors, although the dealers sell preparations which make it possible to use oil-colors. Ivory painting is usually done with oils.

B. C. B.—Iconoclasts is the name that was used to designate those in the Church, from the eighth century downward, who have been opposed to the use of sacred images—that is, of statues, pictures, and other representations of sacred objects; or at least to the paying of religious honor or reverence to such representations. The iconoclast movement had its commencement in the eastern church.

F. M. F.—The hinder part of the body of the cuttlefish is fitted with a light, soft bone, the use of which is not exactly known, although it is supposed that it acts as a fender to prevent the fish from being hurt by striking against anything when swimming backward. This porous material is known as cuttlefish bone, and is employed for various purposes, such as tooth-powder, jewelers' pounce, etc.

T. R. C.—The Premier is the Prime Minister of England for the time being. If a commoner, he also fills the post of First Lord of the Treasury, for which he receives a salary of $25,000 per annum. Mr. Gladstone when Premier was also Chancellor of the Exchequer but did not take the full salaries of both offices. The last Premier was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the annual salary of $25,000 per annum.

E. C. J.—1. The term crofter is used in Scotland to denote a small tenant of land who derives the chief part of his livelihood from agriculture or raising live stock. Fishing is one of the principal means used to supplement the crofter's ordinary gains. 2. A cottar is one who holds a small patch of ground from a farmer or crofter, or one who settles on waste land without any legal right thereto. The general condition of the cottars is much worse than that of the crofters.

G. L. D.—The word instinct bears a great many meanings, and in its ordinary sense we all perform a great many actions instinctively. The strictest definition of instinct is that it is the faculty by which actions, adapted to serve some special end, are consciously performed without any possible knowledge of the relations of the means to the end. If a man has any instincts of this kind they are so obscure and so much modified by the exercise of reason and judgment that they cannot be clearly observed.

ROSE.—The smell of paint is not only disagreeable, but the white lead in it is most injurious. To leave basins of water in a hall or room, changing them every twelve hours, is efficacious, as it is in a case of sickness. Also a little hay sprinkled with chloride of lime, or the burning of juniper berries on a charcoal fire in a brazier in the middle of the room, the windows, chimney and doors being shut to keep in the fumes, just as you would when disinfecting. After twenty-four hours the smell of paint will have disappeared.

T. R. L.—William the Conqueror is said to have introduced the custom of ringing a bell known as the curfew (derived from the French couvre-feu, meaning cover fire), the object of which was to warn the people to cover up their fires and retire to rest. The time for ringing these bells was sunset in summer and about eight o'clock in winter, and certain penalties were imposed upon those who did not attend to the signal. The practice of ringing the curfew bell, however, appears to have prevailed throughout Europe long before the Norman conquest, its true object being that of preventing fires, which, owing to the houses being built of wood, were then both frequent and destructive.

LOVE'S TEMPLE.

BY W. W. LORD.

Sweet, when you stole within my heart
You found Love's feast before you spread;
Love's wine of love to me you brought,
From perfect lips so warm and red.

Life took new beauty in my eyes,
Love's temple was so pure and fair;
When, priestess, you before its shrine
Laid Love's sweet roses there.

The dust of many a dreary year
Lay thick upon its lonely floor,
Till in your innocence you came
And opened wide its fast-locked door.

And through the future years to come,
All light and glory you will bring
Into its shrine, now sanctified
With flowers of Love's fair blossoming.

Two Brothers.

BY S. E. W.

ABOUT the time that Charles I, of sainted memory, was expiating his misdeeds upon the scaffold, the shadow of death was lying black and terrible over a lowly Somersetshire farm.

I make no pretence, for I have no desire, of enlarging upon the fate of that unhappy monarch; his merits and misfortunes, his sins and shortcomings, lie thick upon the page of history; and whether we choose to remember him by the title of traitor or martyr, we know where to turn for matter in support of our views.

But of that other death-bed, and of the emotions gathered round it, no trace, so far as I can tell, is anywhere to be found in printed books. It was too humble and obscure; it was not the centre of hatred and revenge on the one side, with humiliation and despair upon the other; no nation's destiny was at stake, and therefore it is pardonable that public excitement should have been stirred less by the one event than by the other.

Yet Death, though he is so constantly amongst us, has never learnt to observe those distinctions of rank which for mortals of all time have been a common and a constant law; and as he "lays his icy hand on kings," he grips the simple cottager in a clutch no less grievous to be borne.

Old Mrs. Cripps was dying. There could be no doubt about that, even in the mind of an unpractised sick-room watcher.

The simple healing arts known to that age had been tried, but despite all endeavors, her life was ebbing steadily towards the unknown deep.

It was a chill, wintry day, and the clouds hung heavily over the Quantock Hills. The wind moaned sadly round the corners of the house, and grumbled in the wide chimneys. The world without was gray and desolate; within doors, all was stern and gloomy.

Propped against capacious pillows lay the dame whose worldly account was being closed. Upon the counterpane sat a curly-headed boy not more than three years old, happily indifferent of the scene that was passing before his eyes. His tiny finger was tracing the pattern of a gaudy flower on the covering of the bed, and meanwhile he chanted to himself a tuneless song, such as children love.

Beside the bed sat another lad, ten years older; he never moved in his low chair, nor ceased to caress the wasted hand he held. The pang of coming separation was, perhaps, all the more cruel for him, since he was without the chief means of present consolation. He was blind.

The mother was giving him her parting instructions. "Thou art but a lad, George," she said, "yet old heads grow upon young shoulders; and thou art wise beyond the years."

Then she repeated much that George already knew, being led into some incoherence by the failing energies of her mind. There was plenty of money left for the provision of the two brothers, thanks to the thrifty care of their dead father (rest his soul?), and as they were but two poor lads alone in the world, her brother would come and make his home with them, and be a father to both alike. There was nothing to fear for their future.

George, alas, was blind; but grace to bear his affliction would not be withheld. Life would run smoothly enough so long as they courted no evil influences from without.

There was but one source of discomfort in the good woman's mind; her youngest son, the child of her old age, was as yet too young to permit of any judgment on his character being formed.

If she could but feel as secure in his sobriety and strength as in that of George, then truly she would leave the world in peace: and in the earnestness of her love and hope she recommended him to his brother's especial care.

"A sacred charge to thee, my son, is thy brother Anthony. If thou wouldst have me die contented and rest in peace, pledge thyself that thou wilt watch over him; that so far as thou canst contrive it, he shall live happy and be prosperous."

Her breath failed her and she lay back upon the pillows.

George Cripps, poor lad, denied the blessing of sight, was endowed with a heart full of affection and quick feeling. The agony of the moment wrung a willing promise from his heart; he stretched one hand towards the urchin on the bed, and turning his sightless eye above, vowed to take his mother's charge upon his shoulders as his first duty in life.

Then a silence fell upon the room. George knew by the occasional pressure of his mother's hand that she was still conscious, and sat content to be with her in life a little longer.

At length his boyish heart broke out in a long cry of anguish; he fell on his knees beside the bed and lowered his head upon the pillow. Just then, Anthony, having grown tired of the flowers on the counterpane, began to drum lustily with his little fists and broke into a merry song.

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Twenty years had passed away, carrying with them their load of vicissitudes. It was now the time when the minds of politicans were engrossed by the provisions of the Exclusion Bill. Party feeling ran high and turbulent as ever, over that greatest source of bitterness, religious controversy.

Strange it is, by the way, that religion which should be our guiding light on earth, and our one hope and stay in death, should have given rise to most of the struggles, oppressions and miseries in the world's history.

Great then was the interest aroused over this futile measure, and plentiful the discussions to which it gave rise, not only in the London coffee-houses, but on every village green, whither good fortune may have chances to carry some scraps of news.

In the village of Coombe Moor beneath the shadow of the Quantocks, the state of affairs had been gravely debated many times over, when the worthy neighbors met for their evening draught of ale.

The king's misdeeds, his dealings with France, the evil influence of Rome, and the consequent offense of the Duke of York, had been viewed and reviewed as fully as imperfect information coupled with obscure intellects would allow. But to-night, for once, politics were forgotten.

The group of comrades gathered round the door of the village beer-house, were busy discussing an event, most wonderful, and to them more real and comprehensible than their usual theme: George Cripps, the blind man, had recovered his sight.

To the good gentlemen gathered in conference, it seemed that a miracle had been performed; and Matthew Harris, the village oracle, was understood to hold a belief that the powers of darkness had been persuaded to visit Coombe Moor, for to no other agency could such an unusual occurrence be attributed.

Perhaps it was illogical to ascribe to such a quarter the unexpected restoration to sight of their afflicted neighbor, but that inconsistency, it may be believed, passed uncriticised. And it was quite true.

George Cripps sat in his porch beneath the shade of twining creepers and amidst a profusion of laburnum and syringa, enjoying the unique experience of gazing for the first time on the home in which he had lived for more than thirty years.

How his cure had been effected it is difficult to decide. For one thing the full maturity of manhood had brought him a vast improvement in health; for he had grown up a sickly boy, and a delicate young man.

In the second place he had been treated by an aged dame, who lived not far off in lonely seclusion, to a series of lotions distilled from her herbs, of which concoctions, she possessed the secret.

When the first glimmering of vision broke in upon the darkness of his life, George Cripps dared not believe the truth, that sight was really coming to him. Yet as the light increased, so his hopes rose higher until they culminated in a delightful certainty. In a little while he would see as clearly as any of his neighbors.

Eagerly he hastened to the abode of the old dame, only to find that she was dead. Now this was a pity in more senses than one. In the first place it deprived George Cripps of the pleasant duty of expressing his gratitude for past favors; and in the second, a great and wonderful truth may have been thereby lost, the propagation of which might have sent forward medical science by leaps and bounds.

But whether it was due to the herbs of the field, or whether it was due to the relief of an undeveloped organ, some blessed chance was given George Cripps the privilege of gazing forth upon a world at once familiar and unknown.

He sat there in the porch, stroking his thick brown beard, and plunged in thought. To have emerged thus suddenly from a condition of utter darkness made the whole of his past life appear like some complicated dream, or the memory of a former existence.

Upon his mother's death, his uncle had come to live with him and his brother, in loco parentis. On his arrival, he had introduced a daughter, herself a motherless infant, to be brought up with her cousins.

As time went on, Anthony Cripps passed rapidly through the stages of childhood, and showed symptoms of a precocious taste for independence, together with an uncomfortable tendency to rash and secret enterprises.

For a long time George imagined he possessed Anthony's confidence, and believed he had full information of all his acts and thoughts; but one day it was rudely borne in upon him that his brother lied systematically and without remorse, when inclination led him into some undertaking which was not to be commended. It was a hard task.

Common sympathy alone made him careful of his brother's good conduct and good name; but over and above this, he was bound by a pledge which to his tender conscience was unspeakably sacred, to watch over Anthony's welfare.

A village brawl, a poaching adventure, a riot at a neighboring fair, each in turn, and often repeated, brought the younger brother within the clutches of the law, to be rescued, as a rule, by a money ransom drawn from George's purse.

Once a violent encounter between a number of travelling coaches and some highwaymen had resulted in the capture of two or three of the gang, who were unceremoniously hanged.

It was generally understood that Anthony Cripps was one of those who had managed to escape. He returned home shortly afterwards, with a grievous wound in the arm for which he had no particular explanation to give; but happily the trouble blew over, and for a time at least Anthony was more circumspect in his conduct.

Yet he was beyond argument an unsatisfactory lad, dissolute, wild, and void of any keen appreciation of honor; so that honest George had suffered through many years a gnawing remorse that his virtuous endeavors had led to such poor results.

Now succeeding years had transformed the little cousin Mary from a pretty baby into a beautiful woman. Her presence had cast over the household such an influence as one can hardly describe, and such as is seldom appreciated until death or some other change has taken it away.

Her voice, her cheerful goodness, her care for all around her had brightened the gloom of many a dark hour, and supplied at all times the great blessing of domestic happiness.

To George she had been a right hand, a counsellor, a true friend, an indispensable comfort: and as she grew to womanhood, she became something more.

The blind man could not afford to miss the companionship of the girl he had never seen. It was a disappointment even to hear her leave the room; and whenever his sharp perception told him that she was occupied with thoughts in which he had no part, it seemed as if half his being was taken from him. He was utterly greedy, and could endure no moment of her time or thought given up to another.

Imagine then his dismay when there began to grow up in his mind a suspicion that Mary's periods of abstraction and unrest usually occurred when Anthony had disappeared from home without declaring his destination or the duration of his absence; that her gaiety and kindness were never so marked as when Anthony reappeared safe and sound after these absences, or whenever his footstep was heard in the hall, and he himself flung into the room.

It had been a cruel ordeal. To know that Mary belonged entirely of right to somebody else would be an agony scarcely to be borne; and yet was not his whole life to be a sacrifice to Anthony; and might not such a union be the means of reforming him, and chaining him to home by a firm and lasting tie.

On the other hand, and perhaps here the wish was father to the thought, would it be fair to sanction the alliance of so fair and delicate a maiden, fragile in her very innocence, to one whom loving eyes could only regard as a profligate.

This was George's dilemma; and over it he had spent many dismal hours. He had tried to unravel it by the light of duty, crushing down all hopes and aspirations on his own account; but whilst it was yet unsolved in his own mind, a ready solution came from without.

George awoke one morning to find that Anthony and his cousin had left home and gone to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

It was a commonplace story enough. Anthony had expected opposition to their union, and from an innate love of adventure had hit upon the attractive project of an elopement. She, timid in her unworldliness, yet heroic in the strength of her affection, had yielded to his persuasions.

So George was left. He was not alone; it had been better perhaps were he without any companions beyond his servants; for his uncle, already bowed with age, sank completely beneath this new disaster, and required constant care and consolation.

It was after that George Cripps began to see, and it was under this burden of sorrow that he met his neighbors for the first time face to face. Loud and unanimous were their greetings and congratulations, and great their surprise to find their friend so grateful for his good fortune. But they could not see below the surface. They never guessed that Cripps had stepped out of a darkness that was overshadowed by loss and desolation. Gladly, most gladly, would he have gone back to the blind days; to hear wild Anthony confessing his misdeeds by the chimney corner, or listen to Mary singing country ditties as she sat at her embroidery or the spinnet. Like Macbeth, he longed for someone to minister to a mind diseased, and like that unhappy King he longed in vain.

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Time went on, and no tidings came of the young couple. Before very long Mary's father passed out of this world, and left George Cripps, to pursue life's chance alone. And so he lived and prospered until the day when there landed on the Dorsetshire coast that most ill-fated offspring of an ill-starred house—James, Duke of Monmouth.

Tidings of his approach had for some time been in the air, and yeomen and peasants alike were proclaiming eagerness to welcome the handsome young man who had paid them a visit five years before, and won hearts in every village by his good looks and gracious bearing.

At length it was unknown that he had set foot in English soil at Lyme, and had there knelt in pious supplication for divine favor upon his undertaking. The terms of his wild proclamation were but vaguely known amongst the peasants, but it was quickly passed about that their neighbors of the west were thronging round the blue standard. Their strength indeed was eagerly exaggerated, and it was said that they were rapidly advancing, irresistible and unbroken. The success at Axminster was magnified into a glorious victory: of his reception at Taunton, report was still more glowing. Gallant men had hailed him as the champion of the cause which had been sacred to their fathers for half-a-century; noble women had hastened to lay at his feet the flag they had themselves embroidered, and hear his thanks expressed in gracious language.

Then it was known that he had been proclaimed king; and the excitement of the villagers blazed out more fiercely than ever. He had been received with signs of loyalty and devotion at Bridgewater; and finally he had repulsed the Royalists at Philips Norton.

But whilst the common folk had for the most part followed Monmouth's successful progress with delight, there were plenty of honest fellows ready to strike for King James; and amongst them was George Cripps. When the serious aspect of the invasion became sufficiently clear, and Government had made haste to meet it with requisite vigor: troops were rapidly massed throughout the threatened district, and amongst the earliest to advance, George Cripps had marched into the field with the Duke of Beaufort's militia. But report had hitherto told a flattering tale of Monmouth's hopes, and it was not very hard to descry signs of internal weakness amongst his ill-controlled battalions. His irresolute marches and counter-marches, his failure before Bristol, and his inglorious return to Bridgewater, boded ill for his

chances of ultimately reaching the goal of his ambition.

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Now, when Monmouth gazed from the high steeple of Bridgewater across the plain of Sedgemoor, he might (had he known where to look) have observed a small outpost on the extreme left, set to guard one of the approaches to the Royalist camp. Forebodings of evil weighed heavily on his heart, and it was not likely that he paid especial notice to this corner of the field; and yet it was here that a tragedy of deep interest was shortly to be played.

It was a hot summer's night. There was no breeze to stir the heavy atmosphere, and every sound familiar to the camp came rolling slowly across the plain. George Cripps sat in the doorway of his tent, listening to the clank of metal from an armorer's anvil, and idly speculating on the use to which the weapons would be put when they left his hand. In the midst of his reverie he was aroused by approaching footsteps. George Cripps was in command of the outpost, and alive therefore to the responsibility of his position. He rose from his seat as a corporal approached him, and turned to hear his report.

A great event had happened. A spy had been caught stealing out of the camp, and he was now a prisoner at the disposal of George Cripps. Without a moment's delay, George put on his cap, and taking up a heavy sword, followed his guide to the tent where the captive lay under guard. A lantern which stood on a rough table threw out a feeble light as they entered, and it was not easy to distinguish the features of the man who sat between two soldiers, his wrists secured by heavy manacles.

George Cripps laid his bare sword on the table before him in token of the martial law he was about to administer, and then sat down: it was no occasion for his observance of ceremony and legal etiquette: in days of rebellion and on the eve of a battle, a spy caught, so to speak, red-handed must expect to meet with prompt and vigorous treatment. The charge was solemnly propounded, and George Cripps, turning towards the prisoner, enquired whether he had anything to say in his defence.

For the first time their eyes met, and Cripps saw before him a tall man, with thin, regular features and piercing dark eyes. His mouth carried the mark of a weak character, and his lips seemed to work even now in some feeble and undecided effort. Long and intently the two men looked at and almost into one another in silence, and then a sullen negative was returned.

George Cripps hesitated still. It was a fearful responsibility to order a man off in cold blood to his death; to a warm heart like his it carried a sickening and chilling sense of blood-guiltiness. But the thoughts of duty prevailed, and summoning up a firm resolution, he ordered the prisoner to be shot at daybreak, and then abruptly retired to his own tent.

Arrived here once more, he sank on to his couch and was soon lost in sad reflections. It seemed that his life was destined to be one long record of disappointment and distress. After all that he had undergone, now in the days of recovery and new-born hope, it was still his fate to be mixed up with scenes of disaster and misfortune. Why had his youth been overclouded whilst all the world was bright and joyous? Why had he been one of the very few men who are born blind? His home had been broken and made desolate. He had failed in an earnest endeavor to keep his brother in paths of right and integrity. He had loved, and had been robbed of his love by this same brother; and now he had laid an additional burden on his mind by having to sentence a human being to a violent death.

All along the line of his life there stood out in bold relief a constant succession of painful episodes, and George pondered ruefully over them as he sat in his lonely tent. There was only one happy association with the past that he could conjure up, and even that was the prelude to a great sorrow; the memory of his cousin Mary as she used to be in early days. He thought of the long hours that had flitted merrily away under the spell of her bright companionship; of the blind days rendered gay by her cheerful sympathy; of the tender watchfulness and care that had awoke in him an absorbing passion. Such thoughts as these could only wring his poor heart, but he dwelt on them still, and felt that it would be worth any sacrifice to hear that voice once more.

What deceiving fancy was it that made him seem to hear his name whispered in those very tones? It seemed so real and so near that George actually started under an uncomfortable sense of the weirdness of his hallucination. The night was hot and still, and George tried to push back the aperture of his tent to get more air. As he leaned forward his ear again caught the sound of his name. His whole being thrilled to hear that monosyllable "George," uttered as he had only heard it uttered years before.

Half incredulous and yet fired by a desperate hope, he tore back the side of his tent door and peered into the darkness. A figure, whose dark outline it was not easy to distinguish, was crouching at his feet. Unnerved for moment, George could only stand and stare in silence. At length the voice spoke again: "George, don't you know me? I'm your cousin Mary."

Without speaking he motioned to her to enter, and she noiselessly followed him into the tent. So this was Mary; never seen before, and yet so dearly loved. She was still beautiful and not greatly changed, but her face bore the signs of hard living and hard suffering.

George found his voice, but it was hoarse and unfamiliar. "How did you come here? Why did you come?"

She returned his gaze earnestly and steadily. "I came for Anthony's sake—your brother's."

"Where is he?" demanded George.

She seemed to doubt the sincerity of his question for a moment, and then answered deliberately: "You have just condemned him to be shot."

Sudden as a thunderclap, this speech almost shook George Cripps as he stood. His gaze grew more intent till it was horrible in its fierceness. Then he seized the woman's arm, and gasped out: "Was that—was that my brother?"

She paused a moment before she answered, "Yes."

George Cripps threw himself upon his couch, and burying his face in his hands, groaned aloud. Then the last bolt had fallen—the final blow was struck indeed, and he could only bow down before a merciless fate.

A hand on his shoulder roused him, and Mary was at his side. "George I've come to you to help me, and to save him. It's no time for asking pardons and telling of repentance. I've come to you as the kind George Cripps you used to be; and I'm at your mercy." The brave heart was near to giving way and the last words came with the ring of despair.

George turned, and raised the bowed head in his great hands. Then he stooped down and reverently kissed her forehead. Mary made no sign, but scalding tears ran slowly down her cheeks. It was only a momentary surrender, however, for with a great effort she calmed her excitment and spoke again calmly and clearly.

Her story was rapidly told. After many years of wandering and vicissitude, passed upon the Continent, sometimes in extremities, sometimes in happiness, no matter how, chance had brought them to England in Monmouth's train, and Anthony had been employed as a trusted emissary to report upon the enemy's movements. The wife's long and grievous anxiety had culminated in the knowledge that he had been taken as a spy. Of his fate there could be no doubt, and Mary, half demented, had set about staking life and liberty to run equal risk with him in order to save his head.

"I was out watching on the heath," she said, "for I've learnt how to steal about unnoticed, and I saw him brought in here. Then I fell to talking with one of the soldiers, using my old manner of speech, and so making believe to be one of his own people; and I found out that you would be his judge. And so by deceit, and by lying hid awhile, I made my way hither, and now, George, for heaven's sake, for the sake of your own flesh and blood, find some means for the saving of Anthony;" and she seized his hand in both her own as she knelt at his feet, and he, still sitting on the couch, turned away and groaned again.

For a little time he neither moved nor spoke, till Mary faintly murmured, "Bestir, George, for 'twill soon be daylight."

He rose, and once more kissed her on the forehead; then, throwing round him a vast long cloak; bade her follow, and left the tent. The sounds of preparation for war were hushed now, and the gentle quiet of approaching dawn lay over the camp. A little stream rippled at their feet, and some long rushes rustled as they passed by. The stars were still shining brightly.

Noiselessly they moved towards the tent where the condemned man lay, and here a sentry before the door challenged them. George, from beneath his cloak, gave the word, and at his voice the soldier made way for him and his companion.

They entered the tent, and there was Anthony asleep upon the ground, his head resting on one arm. Obeying a sign from George, the wife advanced and touched him on the shoulders, whereupon he sprang up and reached out as though from instinct for some weapon that ought to be at hand.

"Hush, Anthony, 'tis I, your wife," and she turned back to George.

George's mind was full of memories of past days, and charged with a love that had never died; but he stifled his warm impulses. He came slowly forward, and slowly spoke beneath his breath: "Brother, do you know me? Did you know me awhile ago? I know thee not, for remember I had never seen thy face. God forgive me that I brought thee to this plight."

"It was no fault of thine, George, I know thee, but would not declare myself, for I perceived the matter was gone past all hope. I was a bad brother to thee always, and it's little more than I deserve to be shot at thy command. Yet if forgiveness is wanted, I forgive thee with all my soul."

Anthony was a slighter man than George, but of the same height; he was clean-shaved, moreover, which made them free of all resemblance. Yet George Cripps was looking on the brother he had sworn to guide and protect, and had sentenced instead to be shot.

"There's no time to lose, Tony," he said, "give me thy clothes, take my cloak: wrap it closely round thee so that none can see thy face. The password is London; get thee safe back to camp as quickly as may be, and God preserve thee from further hurt."

Anthony took the cloak and was irresolute. "Safe, brother: dost thou hope to save me? Yet that can only be at thine own sacrifice. I have wronged thee far too much in life to save my head at the cost of thine."

Mary stood and listened with sinking heart. In her desire to save her husband she had overlooked the probable consequences entailed upon George by any subterfuge. Unselfish she was, as only a true woman can be, but withal short-sighted in her devotion. Now Anthony had set an example in self-effacement (an occurrence rare enough, the faithful wife could not deny), and her hopes had received a sudden check.

George spoke again, calm and determined. "Leave that to me, brother; am not I in command here? I am safe enough with my own men. Haste now, for 'tis close on daybreak."

With muttered protestations of gratitude, Anthony threw his brother's cloak round him, and put on his three-cornered hat so that scarcely any of his face were left uncovered. For the first time they met as brothers meet, and exchanged greetings like strong men. George wrung his brother's hand, silently bid adieu to his wife, and then ushered them out of the tent. He heard the password given in a muffled voice, sufficiently like his own, and watched the two figures pass the sentry and vanish in the darkness. Then he sat down and felt more utterly alone than he had ever been before. All these things had happened so suddenly, so rapidly, and withal so quietly and in such darkness, that George was half inclined to think he was dreaming.

To reassure himself of reality, he looked round the tent in which he sat, and absently took up a leather case lying at his foot. It was a wallet that Anthony had left behind, and when opened, it revealed all the same things he required at hand for his eccentric way of living, such as writing utensils, certain thieves' instruments, and a mask. But the thing which seized George's fancy was a razor. Now George, in letting his brother go, had not only performed a charitable and kindly deed, he had done an act of heroism. He knew right well that the betrayal of his trust would be punished with death; but he had weighed the matter in the balance, and his brother's life had borne down his own. He would be disgraced, and his would be a traitor's death. What matter? He would have one triumph to credit himself withal, though his name went down in ignominy and dishonor.

But here was another prospect. Surely without his beard he would bear some resemblance to his brother. He had put on his clothes; why should his men ever know they had shot the wrong brother.

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When the first fair signs of dawn streamed over the plain of Sedgemoor, the report of three muskets rolled echoing away upon the morning breeze. The rebel spy had been shot; and none of his executioners doubted that the clean-shaven face, distorted in the throes of death, was that on which they had looked when they brought in the prisoner over night.

His score was counted up here on earth, but somewhere or other, may be, it was chronicled in one great record, that a promise given in boyhood had been loyally kept, and a noble purpose had been faithfully fulfilled.

The neighbors were never much surprised at the disappearance of George Cripps, and it was commonly supposed that a man who had been cured of blindness as he had been, might easily be spirited away by the dark powers with which he dealt. Cowardice, madness, a woman (one had been seen with him in camp) were all quoted as possible causes of his desertion; but in the busy time that followed, his case was soon forgotten and his habitation knew him no more.

As for Anthony and his wife, nothing is known of them beyond the fact that they escaped the general destruction of Monmouth's followers, and got away unhurt to the Continent; where, let us hope, they profited by the ill-merited favor with which a kindly Providence seemed to regard them.

The Country Cousin.

BY E. W. P.

ANYONE anxious to remove him or herself far from the madding crowd, weary of life's battle, and wishful for restful peace, could not do better than settle down at Fernyhollow. A dear, old-fashioned country town, of red brick houses—artistically red—quaint of form, harmonizing so exquisitely with the surrounding ferny hills and woodlands. A primitive town, and almost a primitive race inhabiting it. The great world outside rolled on with its cares and strifes, nearly unheeded. A daily newspaper, fresh from the press, was not as imperative a necessity as the matutinal repast.

Fernyhollow was as self-contained as the most ardent protectionist could have desired. There were the church meetings, the croquet club, the assembly-rooms, very primitive penny readings, and private social gatherings. Enough and more to content the Fernyhollowites, who, interested in their own sayings and doings, little cared about anyone else's.

Sometimes the sons drifted away into the great world. Sometimes an old fashion would find its way to the little milliner's, causing for awhile a mild feminine excitement.

The greatest commotion occurred when, the old clergyman dying, young Aubrey Vernon was appointed to the living. For awhile there was a flutter among the fair doves—a certain preening of plumage; but as Aubrey Vernon plunged steadily to work, and was not given to even the mildest flirtation, speedily Fernyhollow settled into its pleasant, even ways again.

To Aubrey Vernon, who had been translated from a poorly-paid, hard-working curacy, Fernyhollow was Elysium, especially when his eyes rested upon Ethel Garstin, the doctor's daughter. Ushered into Dr. Garstin's shady sitting-room, he had seen her seated by the open casement, attired in some light, cheap material, her brown hair simply dressed' her cheek soft and blooming as the peach, and her pretty face full of purity and sweet womanhood, and felt he looked upon a picture he never should forget.

But speedily there came more than a crumpled rose-leaf in his present Sybarite couch, a veritable thorn indeed—namely, the news that Ethel Garstin was already engaged to that handsome young fellow, James Arkworth, Fernyhollow's crack cricket player, croquet player, and amateur actor.

Many a heart beside Ethel's had fluttered beneath James Arkworth's blue eyes; but, who had a chance against her? So it came about that they were troth plighted; and Aubrey Vernon might certainly look forward to marrying her—to James Arkworth.

Like a wise man, he put away his secret in the innermost recesses of his heart, and was, to outward appearance, cheerful and content.

One of the great days at Fernyhollow was when the rival cricket clubs, the "Longstops" and the "Bats," had their annual match to prove their respective merits and right to pre-eminence.

New toilets came out for that day, and prayers that

"The day might keep fra rain"

were universally put up. On this particular occasion the prayers were answered,

which was not always the case. The sun had the blue heavens nearly to itself; only here and there a little fleecy cloud like a stray lamb wandered, and there was just pleasant breeze enough to float the flags of the marquee erected in the short mown meadow where the match was to be held. Round it was seats for the spectators, with whom the young men in flannels, dotted over the centre verdant plane, conversed.

"I don't think you need despair," smiled Ethel Garstin, looking cool and fresh in ecru-tinted muslin. "You won last year, and everybody says you are sure to win this year also."

"Humph! I don't know," rejoined James Arkworth, to whom the speech was addressed; "It might have been if that prig Vernon hadn't gone in with the 'Longstops.' You see, he was a crack player at Cambridge."

"I don't fear," said Ethel, with a fond, proud glance at her hero. "But, James, dear, I wish you would not call him a 'prig.' I don't quite know what I means," she added, illogically, "but I'm sure he isn't!"

Her lover burst into a merry laugh, in which he stopped short to exclaim:

"There are the Hopetouns at last. They look rather a large party. Dick's looking—excuse me, Ethel. Perhaps he wants seats near you."

Ethel, with a proud sense of possession, looked after him as he went, thinking how well the cricketing flannels became the man who loved her, whom she loved. Poor Ethel, how little she dreamed of the gorgeous meteor which had already flamed up into the heavens, and in whose radiance her mild, pure star was to pale and set.

"Glorious day, isn't it?" exclaimed Dick Hopetoun, as Arkworth came up. "I'm so jolly glad, for quite unexpectedly a London cousin of ours arrived last night—I want to introduce you. She's such a jolly girl—something like a girl, you know. Knows life, and is up to everything. Come along."

There was a small circle already round the "London cousin," chiefly composed of young men in flannels; but they made way, and in a few seconds Arkworth found himself bowing before the most radiant being he had ever beheld in his life. So radiant in dress, in beauty, such dark, sparkling eyes, and red, small lips, that he felt his breath catch, and a slight giddy sensation pass through his brain.

Florence Reuth, indeed, in her perfectly-made London costume, of the last fashion, and of harmonious color, her Parisian bonnet, and perfectly fitting gloves, was as some gorgeous tropical butterfly settling among a group of white and dun ones.

"Mr. Arkworth," she said, repeating his name, as she extended her slender, exquisitely-gloved fingers. "Ah, it is you upon whom our hopes depend for success, is it not? Oh, yes, Dick has told me all about it. You can't tell how many pairs of gloves I have already laid that you will win. So, please, for my sake, and that of my poor purse, don't lose."

"I won't, if I can help it, you may be sure," replied Arkworth, feeling those dark eyes penetrating into his very brain, and seeming to fasten themselves there. "For your sake, Miss Reuth, if for no other reason."

"How kind of you," with another dangerous glance. "I know it's only a compliment, of course. But I didn't expect to find anyone who knew how to compliment in Fernyhollow. Oh, is that the signal to commence? Mr. Arkworth, I don't understand a bit of the game. Dare I ask you to come and let me know how it goes, when Dick is engaged? Now I have seen you, I really feel doubly interested."

Arkworth made suitable rejoinder, and yet lingered a few seconds by the syren, until an imperative summons from his side forced him to go. But he took with him the dazzling light of Flo Reuth's dark eyes, the winning fascination of her smile, and forgot at the moment even to look in Ethel's direction.

Jim Arkworth resolved to play his best—really for Flo's sake—but, possibly, owing to his mind being distracted by her, he scarcely succeeded. The runs began fearfully to mount up on the other side, and it certainly was Aubrey Vernon's doing. He seemed to send the ball just wherever he liked, and Jim bit his lip, and "confounded the prig," as he heard the ringing cheers after every stroke.

"I never think, Ethel, I played worse in my life," he remarked, angrily; "and I wanted so to do my best."

"I have seen you play better, Jim, that's truth," replied Ethel, who understand the game perfectly; "but it's not so much that, as Mr. Vernon's playing so well. There's not one can match him."

Jim wanted consolation, and Ethel, quite innocently, had not given it to him—consolation for not having carried off flying colors before Flo Reuth. He was irritable with everyone, even with Ethel, and soon strolled off to the London cousin.

"I fear, Miss Reuth, you'll lose your gloves," he said, gloomily. "I'm not doing my best, though I've tried. But," and he looked straight into her face, "I think the sun got into my eyes and dazzled me before I began."

She caught his meaning at once, and laughed silverly.

"Very prettily said, Mr. Arkworth," she remarked. "Do you know, I think you are lost in this drowsy, behind the world place. Don't worry about the game, for, to tell you a secret, which," dropping her voice, "I would never have courage to confess to the enthusiasts around me, but only to you, who will forgive me, I'm sure—I don't care a bit about the game, nor who loses or wins, since you do not. Indeed, I am growing very hungry, and should be so end obliged if you would take me to the refreshment tent."

Gladly Jim crooked his arm and led her off, quite forgetful that he had promised Ethel to go back to her to perform a similar office.

The "Longstops" scored the victory, all owing to Aubrey Vernon's capital play. The "flats" looked, and muttered that they couldn't understand what Jim Arkworth was thinking about.

"Better say whom he was thinking of," put in another "flat," disposing of another sandwiches and ale. "I do believe it's that London cousin of Hopetoun's that knocked him out of his reckoning."

Had he been from London, he would have said Jim was "mashed" on her. And it was true; not only he, but half (if not more) of the young fellows of Fernyhollow were the same.

Flo Reuth was as the spoonful of rennet in new, sweet milk; she curdled the whole society of the little town, and none did she bring more under her sway, nor seem so much to wish to, as handsome Jim Arkworth. He was restless, feverish, moody, when out of her presence, though even in that of Ethel Garstin his betrothed's.

People began to put their heads together, and whisper and nod with meanings. Ethel saw it, too. How could she help doing so?

Jim's manner towards her grew more forced every day.

One day, when he had been more than ordinarily pre-occupied and moody, she met him with the Hopetouns. He was walking with Flo Reuth, laughing with the gaiety she remembered once, all brightness and animation, while the London cousin was openly and desperately flirting with him.

Ethel read it all then. Stepping into a shop, to avoid being seen by the party, she afterwards hastened home, and to the privacy of her room. It was more than un mauvais quart d'heure she passed there; she seemed to go through the accumulative agony of a whole life.

But Ethel had both pride and spirit, also wisdom. She rose up from the battle much wounded, but calm and resolved.

Finally, Ethel wrote the following letter and despatched it. It was to this effect:

"DEAR JIM,

"After your behavior lately while in my company, and what I saw to-day, when you were in Miss Reuth's, I should be foolish or blind—wilfully so did I not understand the present state of your heart, also you wish. We cannot command affection: you believed you loved me, it was a mistake. At least, I think so. Do not you? If I am right—that you wish to be free—the truest way I can prove my love, is to give you your freedom. I do so; from this moment no tie binds us. If you love Florence Reuth, and she loves you, wed her. I desire for you every happiness, such as now I know you would not have with me.

"Yours affectionately, for the last time,

"ETHEL GARSTIN."

That letter was like a blow to Jim; it aroused something of his past passion for the writer. He had loved her dearly, until the glamor had come over him.

Yes, it was absurd denying it to himself; he was glad of his liberty, glad that he might openly woo Flo Reuth, and win her.

Rather stiffly, as if he were indeed the injured party, Jim wrote his answer to that effect, and even as he wrote, felt terribly ashamed of himself.

Poor Ethel had, despite herself, hoped and longed Jim's answer might prove that she had judged him wrongly. It was not so. She had given him liberty, and he had accepted it.

The next day, Flo Reuth went back to London. Within the week Jim followed.

Florence Reuth had given him her address, entreating him to call if he should ever come to the metropolis, and Jim hastened thither at once. In fact, he could not exist out of her presence. He found Flo in the drawing-room, with a tall, military-looking man.

"Pray, let me introduce you," said the lady. "Captain John Skey—my dear Jack," brightly, "this is Mr. James Arkworth, who made my stay so delightful at Fernyhollow. But for him, I should certainly have died of ennui."

"My darling," laughed the Captain, "I am happy to make the acquaintance of one who rendered my fiancee such a service. I could not have stood your dying—egad, I couldn't."

His fiancee! Jim never quite knew how the next half-hour passed. He saw he had been played with, duped by a heartless flirt. What he had deemed sincerity had been but to pass the time—to save a flirt from "dying of ennui."

And for her he had lost the pure heart of Ethel Garstin; he could never return to Fernyhollow—never—never! He might wander all over the world, but never could he turn his steps to Fernyhollow.

* * * * * *

Six months have come and gone. Jim Arkworth has been abroad trying to forget his folly, which, however, will not be forgotten; and now there is a craving, a home-sickness upon him to see Fernyhollow again. So he puts it—but in reality he means Ethel. He knows now that his love for her was true, and that for Flo Reuth but a fitful fever. If he went back and made full confession, would Ethel forgive him? He believes so. He had half resolved in his mind to make the experiment, as he comes down a country road in Switzerland, when, lifting his eyes, lo and behold! Ethel, prettier than ever, is before him, slowly advancing up the path.

They both stop as they recognize each other; then Jim hastens forward, feeling and looking very penitent; he holds out his hand; she puts hers in it.

"Ethel," he says, a trifle tremulously, "I don't know what to say. I was a fool—a—a scoundrel—but I want you so—so much to forgive me."

"Forgive you?" She looks into his face with a smile. "I have done that long ago—forgiven, thanked, and pitied you."

"Thanked—pitied?" repeated Jim, when at that moment a gentleman came quickly up the road towards them. "Why," cried Jim, irritably, "here's that prig, Vernon. What does he do here?"

"What!" laughs Ethel. "Why, I suppose he considers he has a right to be where I am. Let me," as she took Vernon's hand, "introduce you to my husband. This is our honeymoon."

Aubrey Vernon placed his arm round her waist, and she, leaning on his bosom, looked brightly up at Jim.

Jim stood confounded; then,

"By Jove!" he ejaculated. Adding, "Well it's what I deserve; nothing better. May you Ethel, have the happiness I have missed."

Then rapidly Jim continued his way, a sadder but a wiser man.

A man registered at a Madison, Ga., hotel a short time ago. He engaged a room and retired, and after sleeping for some time had a dream. He dreamed that he was on a railroad train that was going at good speed, when he discovered that another train was coming toward his on the same track and a collision was inevitable. The conductor called out "Jump!" and at that moment the dream stopped, but the dreamer did not—he jumped out of the second story window. He fortunately escaped serious injury.

JOHN GRAHAM LOUGH, one of the few great British sculptors, had a full experience of the proverbial poverty of artists. During his first year in London, about 1827, while modeling his "Milo" for the Duke of Wellington, he went without meat for three months, had only one bushel and a half of coal during the whole winter, tore up his shirts to make rags in which to keep his clay figure moist, and slept beside it—when the cold would allow him to sleep—on the ground.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

They have curious ideas of ownership in Europe. In France there is an unwritten but immutable law that a painting shall not be exhibited without the artist's consent, no matter what the wishes of the owner are. And now a literary and artistic Congress in session at Milan, Italy, has decided that the right of reproduction does not pass to the buyer of a picture. I see you may pay for a picture, have it in your possession, and have a clear and free title to it, but you don't quite own it after all.

Two of the clerks in a large bank in Wall street made a peculiar bet on the result of the election. They room together in a fashionable boarding house up town, and although they are warm personal friends they differ radically in politics. One is an unswerving Republican, and the other proudly calls himself a Mugwump. About two weeks ago the Republican, placing implicit faith in Chairman Carter's protestations of confidence in the success of Harrison and Reid, tried to tantalize his friend into a bet, and succeeded. "I will bet you two months' board against two months' faces on the elevated road for both of us that Harrison will be elected," quoth he. The Mugwump took the bet, and now enjoys the prospect of two months' free board.

A few years ago the wife of a worthy citizen of Lisbon, Conn., died. The man was a good-hearted fellow, but little accustomed to the conventionalities of life, and perhaps not possessed of the most brilliant intellect in the world. The funeral of the good woman occurred at the church and the husband was about the only mourner. During the sermon, which was a little long, the man thought he would like to smoke. Accordingly he repaired to the front steps of the church, lighted his pipe, and was soon taking what comfort he could out of it. Soon a neighbor came along. "What's the matter, John?" he asked. "Lost my wife!" lugubriously. "No!" in surprise. "Yes, I have by gosh. If you don't believe it go in there and see." The neighbor took his word for it.

"Rain gambling" is the latest vice to develop in India, and the police of Bombay and Calcutta are just now vigorously at work prosecuting rain gamblers in the local courts in an endeavor to show that the law includes this form of gambling. In Calcutta the "outfit" of the rain gamblers is in the streets in the Burra bazaar. Here into a small tank four feet square and six inches deep, an ordinary spout discharges rain from the roof of a three-story building. In gambling with this apparatus bets are made at the beginning of the rainy season as to whether or not the tank will overflow at a given shower to the extent the rain will overflow it when the water sheets come down in proper tropical style. It is alleged that on busy days in the bazaar several piles of rupees change hands. This is surely vice made easy for the lazy men.

It is remarkable that, although new fruits come to the front every year, there is not a pear yet that has been able to take the place of the Bartlett or the Seckel. The Bartlett is a European sort, originating in England and named there William's Bon Chretien. It was introduced into this country, and its name getting lost, it was named Bartlett, after the man in whose garden it was when its excellent qualities were discovered. The Seckel is a native, a chance seedling, found growing near the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, and the original tree still stands and bears fruit. The Bartlett is in season all throughout September, the Seckel from the close of September and through October. These two kinds are no exception to the rule that the quality of all pears increases in value as the trees get older. The fruit from a full-grown Seckel pear tree, for instance, is far superior to that from a tree fruiting for the first time.

STAYING THERE.—The more like school the farm can be made, the more interest there is developed in work, study and recreation, the less thought there will be of leaving the farm.

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Our Young Folks.

FOUND BY THE POSTMAN.

BY MAGGIE BROWN.

THE snow drifted once again in the Russian postman's face. He bent his head a moment, then shook himself and hastened onwards.

He had to pass through several streets before each of his big bundles of letters would be duly distributed, and Andre detested such bitterly cold weather as this.

Pulling a bell sharply at that moment, he handed two letters shiveringly to the servant; then quickly running down the steps again, he sprang to one side, and exclaimed gruffly—

"Why—what's that?"

No answer came.

"Well! well! well!" exclaimed the puzzled Andre. By this time he was bending down quite low, gazing steadily at something which lay at his feet.

"Why, it's a baby!" he said, now very softly, but still in a tone of great astonishment. Then came a slight sound of crying. The sound served to recall the postman once more to his senses.

"Who in the world could ever think of leaving a little one here—specially on a night like this?"

The bells of a neighboring church at that moment began to ring merrily. Andre lifted up the child carefully in his arms—it was a gentle-faced little girl, with dark blue eyes and long silky eye-lashes.

"She's wrapped up closely enough, at any rate," he mused in puzzled fashion; "but even that fact won't keep her from freezing, poor mite!" And then he suddenly remembered, and glanced about him somewhat nervously.

Why, of course; everyone would laugh at him. It was really too ridiculous, the idea of a busy city postman carrying on one arm a real live baby and in the other hand his bundle of letters, to say nothing of his letter-bag being slung over his shoulder.

The bells still rang on merrily.

"I've a sort of idea they're ringing to cheer me up a bit," he thought. "Perhaps they're ringing to congratulate me—who knows? I wish, however, all the same, that I hadn't found her." And all the while the "her" just spoken of was nestling comfy and comfortably against his shoulder.

Letter after letter did he deliver, at first this door, then that. Sometimes he was obliged to set the little one upon the step whilst he hunted up some letter that would not be found easily; but she never cried once, which was, on the whole, a great comfort.

Seven o'clock had arrived at last, and the postman was thankful. Quickly throwing open the thickly-wadded door of his peasant's hut, and then an inner door nearly as thickly wadded, he rushed in, and, with a heavy sigh of relief, laid his newly found burden upon a large wooden table just facing him. He had ceased to hear the bells now, and yet their sweet notes seemed to be ringing in his ears, all the same.

"Father!" fell in a low soft voice.

It was a strange picture, later on, which met the eye.

Nina, the postman's crippled daughter, was gently hushing the little foundling to sleep. The former could not lift herself from the low bed on which she lay, but she could stretch out her thin arm and pat the other tenderly.

"Sleep, little darling. No harm shall come to you—for the good God will guard us all!"

The two were soon sleeping softly, side by side.

Andre, too, had forgotten everything. In a far distant corner he was snoring at the rate of ten miles an hour.

The years have fled since then. It is again winter time in that busy Russian city, and more intensely cold, if possible, than usual.

Andre is very ill—he has been sickly during the past year, but matters have now become serious. He has not strength to venture out for his daily "round" with the letters.

"They will take away the post from me," he exclaims sadly. "It's very hard, though, upon a man who has worked steadily as I have nearly all my life long. What will become of us all?"

"They won't, then," fell cheerily. "They will do nothing of the kind." It was a handsome girl who spoke. "I have a plan," came again; "but remember, it's a secret, both of you."

The next day came—and still the next day after that. Andre was still ill, and Katerina—thus had they named their foundling years before—still strode manfully onwards, her bag of letters thrown across her shoulders.

True, her fingers were almost frozen sometimes; but that didn't matter in the least. Why, this was a thousand times better than that good Andre at home should lose his post.

"Yes, baharinne" (my lady), "these five letters are indeed all for yourself. I have made no mistake."

The girl-postman still held out the envelopes; and the handsome Russian lady, whom curiosity had alone brought to the front door, still continued to stare blankly in the other's face.

The letters fell one by one upon the doorstep at last. The lady to whom they were addressed had suddenly fainted.

"It's a long story, as you see," said Katerina afterwards, as she sat with her arm around Nina, and glancing, at the same time, prettily in the direction of Andre. "The moment somehow she—that's the baharinne, you know—saw my face, the whole of the story struck her, though I can't imagine how she really found it all out. After she fainted—that's, I mean, when she came to herself—the story all came out, little by little."

"And you are really her own daughter—you are all quite certain of that?" broke in Nina passionately, tears meanwhile streaming down her cheeks; whilst Andre's sobbing echoed dismally through the room.

"They say so," fell merrily.

"But the proof?" demanded Andre, now angrily. "And I'm disappointed with yourself, Katerina—I can't help saying so."

And so also was the terribly wounded heart of Nina; only she strove hard not to show it.

"The proof?" echoed the still gay Katerina. "Why, then, it's quite a big story. I told you all about the strong likeness to my mother, did I not?"

"Yes, yes," came impatiently.

"Well, many years ago—nearly eleven, she says—she lost her baby suddenly; she never knew how. It had been in the nurse's care all the afternoon, and when evening came it was nowhere to be found. The nurse also, strangely enough, disappeared at the same time; no one ever knew the reason why. Many supposed that some accident had happened to the child, and that the nurse, therefore, was too much frightened to return home; others imagined ——"

But she was suddenly interrupted.

Sunshine indeed, it would seem, had all at once fallen within those four walls. A queenly-looking lady had crossed the threshold, and now stood facing the group within. Her rich silk cloak, lined with expensive sable, enveloped her from head to foot.

"I come to claim my child," rang out musically and happily.

"Your proof!" again shouted the almost heartbroken postman.

"Ha, then"—and the lady advanced slowly towards his beloved—"the old nurse died in the hospital yesterday. Just before her death she confessed that Irene—my baby—had been sold by her to an old gipsy for the paltry sum of two roubles. Why the gipsy abandoned my child we shall never know."

"Your proof, baharinne!" again shouted Andre. "This is not enough."

"The date, then, on which she was lost—it corresponds exactly with that on which you found her. The strong likeness also to myself."

Again church bells, close at hand, were ringing gaily—it might have served either to congratulate or offer sympathy.

"Don't think that I will ever leave you," whispered dear Katerina, kneeling softly by Andre's side. "God sent you both to guard me all these years. 'Tis my turn now to guard you both. I'll share your life, and carry letters to the end."

Only that matters end very differently from all this, for Irene is not always to have her own way. "Mammasha," as she now calls her mother, has taken full possession of both Nina and her "darling"; and Andre has been taken home to rest in heaven.

He will nevermore carry round letters—neither will Irene.

COMFORT YOUR THOUGHTS.—A great many men, whatever may have been their experience in life, are accustomed to complain of the usage they have received in the world. They fill the ears of those with have the misfortune to be their friends, with lamentations respecting their own troubles. But there is no man that is not born into a world of trouble, and no man has ever attained to anything like the full stature of manhood, who has not been ground as it were to powder, by the hardships which he has encountered in life. This is a world in which men are made, not by velvet, but by stone and iron handling; therefore, do not grumble; but conquer your troubles.

THOUGHTS ON DREAMS.

The vividness of our impressions in dreams, of which so much has been said, seems to be rather apparent than real; or, if this mode of expression should be objected to as unwarrantable, rather physical than mental. It is a vapor, a fume, the effect of the "heat oppressed brain."

The imagination gloats over an idea, and doats at the same time. However warm or brilliant the coloring of those changing appearances may be, they vanish with the dawn. They are put out by our waking thoughts as the sun puts out a candle.

It is unlucky that we sometimes remember the heroic sentiments, the profound discoveries, the witty repartees, we have uttered in our sleep. The one turns to bombast, the others are mere truisms, and the last absolute nonsense.

Yet we clothe them certainly with a fancied importance at the moment. This seems to be merely the effervescence of the blood, or of the brain physically acting.

It is an odd thing in sleep, that we not only fancy we see different persons and talk to them, but that we hear them make answers, and startle us with an observation or a piece of news; and though we of course put the answer into their mouths, we have no idea beforehand what it will be, and it takes us as much by surprise as it would in reality.

This kind of successful ventriloquism, which we practice upon ourselves, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for from the shortsightedness and incomplete consciousness which were remarked above as the peculiar characteristics of sleep.

The power of prophesying, or foreseeing things in our sleep, as from a higher and more abstracted sphere of thought, need not be here argued upon. There is, however, a sort of profoundity in sleep; and it may be usefully consulted as an oracle in this way.

It may be said, that the voluntary power is suspended, and things come upon us as unexpected revelations, which we keep out of our thoughts at older times.

We may be aware of a danger, that yet we do not choose, while we have the full command of our faculties, to acknowledge to ourselves; the impending event will then appear to us a dream, and we shall most likely find it verified afterwards.

Another thing of no small consequence is, that we sometimes discover our taste, and almost unconscious sentiments with respect to persons or things, in the same way.

We are not hypocrites in our sleep. The curb is taken off from our passions, and our imagination wanders at will.

When awake, we check those rising thoughts, and fancy we have them not. In dreams, when we are off our guard, they return securely and unbidden. We may make this use of the infirmity of our sleeping metamorphosis, that we may repress any feelings of this sort that we disapprove in their incipient state, and detect, ere it be too late, an unwarrantable antipathy or fatal passion.

Infants cannot disguise their thoughts from others, and in sleep we reveal the secret to ourselves.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—Here is a plot for a story which may be recommended to writers who wish to escape the commonplace. A certain widow of forty fell in love with a young man. He did not return her passion, but allowed her to suppose that he did. In time she set him up in business. Then the youth fell in love with a girl of his own age, and an engagement and betrothal soon took place. The widow at first was furious, but by degrees she grew more calm, and then professed herself heart-broken. She soon fell into a decline, and died of rapid consumption after a brief illness. On her death bed she granted a full and free pardon to the two young people, and in her will left the prospective bride a small gift of money, accompanied by a pint of rare old Malaga, with a yellow seal. The bottle was not to be opened until the wedding day, when it was to be drunk to the memory of the dear departed. During the joyous festivities and at the end of the supper the wine was uncorked, and the bride and groom, together with the best man, drank the contents. In a second they had fallen to the floor, dead. The wine had been mixed with prussic acid. The widow was avenged.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Caldwell, N. C., has, it is reported, raised an 8-pound potato

Only one couple in 11,500 live to celebrate their diamond wedding

A young man in Nova Scotia was recently poisoned by a fish's gill

A human body, when cremated, leaves a residuum of about eight ounces.

Philadelphia is the greatest carpet manufacturing centre in the world.

Benton Harbor, Mich., lays claim to a carrot which measures 20 inches in length.

In Germany there are 620,987 persons named Müller—one seventy third of the population.

The military expenses of France, since the war of '70-71, have been about $3,800,000,000.

A post-card message recently traveled round the world in 70 days—the quickest time on record.

Dearborn Fox, of Wolfeborough, N. [illegible]

A number of [illegible] used by a Rochester, N. Y., woman to sing in the ruffles of her dress sleeve.

The King of the Belgians imitates the example of the great Duke of Wellington in sleeping upon a little camp bed

Fleetwood, Pa., claims to have a quince which weighs 28 ounces and measures 16 inches in circumference.

A prisoner in an Indiana jail, who is sentenced for a life term, has fallen heir to $12,000, the estate of his first wife.

One hundred and twenty-eight invitations were sent out to a reception at Atchison, Kan., recently, and 131 guests came.

Among the recent inventions in electric heating device are hand stamps, curling irons, coffee urns and branding irons.

The skin of the whale is thicker than that of any other animal. In some places it reaches a thickness of several inches.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years; the falcon has been known to live over 162 years.

The Rev. Robert Sellers, pastor of the Christian Church of South Bend, Ind., was lately presented with a bicycle by his congregation

A giant sewing machine has lately been finished at Leeds, England. The machine, which is to be used on cotton bolting, is said to weigh 5½ tons.

The Japanese cite 240 color varieties of the chrysanthemum, of which 45 are yellow, 57 white, 32 purple, 30 red, 21 pale pink, 12 russet, and 14 of mixed colors.

Aurelien Scholl, a French journalist, is authority for the assertion that only 11 out of 247 duels fought in France within the past three years had tragical results

The colored people of Georgia have formed a society called the Upper Ten. The members agree that after a certain date they will do no more work for the white people

In Burmah it is rather a suspicious thing to give money for a char[illegible] is supposed to mean [illegible]

One of the features of a recent church fair out West was a grab bag, and among the contents was a slip of paper on which was written: "Good for one grave. John Smith, sexton."

Germany contains a number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of flannel and similar textiles from pine leaves. When spun and woven this material resembles hemp.

There is an old married couple in Porter county, Ind., who, it is stated, have not spoken to each other for 25 years, although they live in the same house and eat from the same table

It is said that diamonds, especially the class known as "rose diamonds," are likely to explode if subjected only to what would seem a very ordinary degree of heat, such as strong rays from the sun

Mrs. Jane Halloway, a colored woman, 108 years old, called on the Work House Board in Cincinnati recently and secured the release of her 75-year-old son, Samuel, who was doing time for wife beating

The largest number of patents, in proportion to population, are taken out by the people of Connecticut, among whom, in curious confirmation of their proverbial shrewdness in devising "Yankee notions," one citizen in every 700 is an inventor.

In Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived, accompanied by the beadle, as a sign that he was unworthy the name of man.

The scribbler who set afloat the item that ex-Senator Tabor uses a gold nugget worth $35,000 for a paper-weight has been put to shame by a schoolboy, who wants to know what he uses for a derrick. A gold nugget of the value stated would weigh sixty-five pounds.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY M. M.

Be still, oh wayward heart, and make no sign,
  His footstep draweth nigh;
Chain as with steel those quick'ning throbs divine,
  When he is by.

Hang out no crimson signal, conscious cheek,
  For his quick eyes to see;
Betray not what my lips are slow to speak;
  It must not be.

If e'er he comes on bended knee to woo,
  I shall not turn away;
But till he speaks the words that lovers do,
  My heart I sway.

My wayward heart that fain would break away,
  And seek its very own;
But, foolish wayward heart, until that day
  Be thou as stone.

WHIMSICAL TRAVELING.

Eccentricity often shows itself in the proceedings of travelers. Last winter M. Leonides Ennataky, a Russian Government official, hit on a novel method of taking a long leave of duty. He made a bet that he would drive in a troika, the national three-horse vehicle, from Samara in Eastern Russia, to Paris, and he was allowed to put the matter to a test.

The time fixed, within which the journey was to be completed, was eighty days. Immense interest was created along the line marked out for the traveler, and crowds assembled to see him come and go. Mr. Ennateky is a wealthy man, and he did not hesitate to spend money to win his wager. His three horses were fine animals of the Ural Cossack breed, and in the sequel they proved fully equal to the task their owner imposed upon them.

Early in March the Parisians had the sensation of welcoming the daring driver as he entered by the Vincennes Gate. The blue-bodied, yellow-wheeled vehicle had done the distance, not merely in the stipulated time, but with twenty-four hours to spare. Mr. Ennatsky received an ovation.

An Austrian officer, Lieutenant Varges, accomplished with his servant last year a ninety four days' ride from Bombay to Calcutta. The start was made on the 24th of May. The master rode an Arab horse of good mettle and stamina; the man was mounted on a country-bred pony.

What rendered the escapade infinitely more difficult and trying, in fording the Longa, one of 120 rivers that had to be crossed in the course of the journey, both travelers lost their luggage. They had to buy rough native carpets at a village, fit these up with strings for straps, and use them as saddles. It was in many ways an unconventional experience. The adventurers were thoroughly exhausted when at last they rode into Calcutta.

Last autumn a Persian dervish named Hadji Goulam appeared in the French capital. He had walked through Roumania and Austria and was reduced to starvation. The poor fellow told a simple story. Away in Teheran tales had come to his ears of the great Exhibition in Paris. He had an acquaintance who had been there, and this man assured Hadji Goulam that he would make money as a dancing dervish if somehow he could get to Paris. Probably with a very inadequate idea of the real difficulties of the undertaking the dervish, fired by cupidity, set out. His tramp across a continent was a strange one, and when he reached his goal, instead of finding an easy introduction to riches, the police arrested him as a vagrant.

Journalists, occasionally, have odd travel fancies. Contemporaneously with the exploit of Hadji Goulam a Swede was on his way to France and England in the smallest sea craft which ever made so long and exposed a journey. M. Uddgin trusted his fortune to a small canoe without either sail or rudder. With the aid of two oars only he crossed the stormy North Sea. He had been four months en route when he reached Dunkirk. At one time he was in grave danger, for his frail boat became the plaything of a storm that lasted thirty-three hours.

A similar ruse came to light at Victoria in British Columbia a few months back. In this instance a piano case consigned from Toronto was waiting a claimant who never came. By-and-by the case was examined, and it turned out to be comfortably fitted up with a lining of felt and with a bottom mattress.

It had evidently been used without authorization as a special compartment on board the trains. Inquiry at last produced a confession that the journey in the piano case had been made to win a wager.

Still more reprehensible, because not only deliberate but systematic and persistent, was the roguery of a man who accomplished in his own way the feat of traveling from end to end of France without funds. Of course he went on foot, and other pedestrians have beaten his record in the matter of distance. But his plan of operations to secure sustenance was unique.

He entered a town, selected a first-class restaurant, dined in good style and at his leisure, and then coolly absconded. Again and again he was followed, charged, and committed to prison. He did not mind that. Rations were free in the goals, too, if the fare was coarse and scanty. Arrested on his own suggestion at Perpignan—for he pleasantly told the landlord whom he had victimized that his pockets were empty—this original adventurer stated that he had been sentenced to imprisonment sixteen times for the same offence in the course of his march from Hazebrouck to Perpignan, and that he had deserved the punishment in many more cases.

A queer present was once sent in a queer way to a former Prince of Wales. The gift was a wagon of coals from a colliery in the Midlands, and instead of despatching it behind horses in the usual way, thirteen men were told off and undertook to drag it from Loughborough to London. It is interesting to know that the royal recipient had regard to these dusty travelers. The clerk of his cellar gave them a donation of four guineas for their trouble; but as soon as he heard of it, the prince sent them twenty, and ordered refreshments to each man. They had performed their curious journey of 111 miles in eleven days.

Grains of Gold.

The most deadly sin is the one we believe it will be safe to commit.

Living for self is the smallest business any one can be engaged in this life.

We should not retain the remembrance of faults we have once forgiven.

We endeavor to conceal our vices under the disguise of the opposite virtues.

People newly emerged from obscurity generally launch out into indiscriminate display.

The highest degree of cunning is a pretended blindness to snares which we know are laid for us.

The most profitable investment it is possible to make in this world is to lay up treasure in heaven.

If prudence of reserve and decorum sometimes dictates silence, at others prudence of a higher order may justify speaking.

If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them.

The passion which cause man to abandon the noble sentiments of the heart are like the axe and the scythe, which cut down the beautiful vegetation of the mountain.

Above all things, avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

Individuals often wonder why they are not liked by their acquaintances; why they are slighted by their neighbors. Ten to one it is because they are so selfishly engrossed in their real or imaginary trials that they weary others with their presence.

Femininities.

An effort is being made to popularize glaring red and bright green gloves.

The same salary is paid to the women and the men health inspectors in Chicago.

Donna Christina, the Queen Regent of Spain, is 31 years old, which is younger than she looks.

Hairpins are made by a very complicated machine. They are used by a very complicated creature, too.

Glass in oven doors, which enables cooks to watch the food without opening the door, is a late contrivance.

Miss Leila Finney, of Fort Valley, Ga., who is not yet 20 years of age, has made, up to date, 471 quilts, 27 of which were made during this year.

It is a strange fact that it is the woman who is said to wear the trousers who never fails to get a new dress every time the fashion changes.

Mrs. Sarah Shade, who lives near Batavia, O., has a churn which has been in her possession for 55 years, and which has made $10,000 worth of butter.

The baby daughter of the German Emperor was baptized with water brought, as in the case of the baptism of the other imperial princes, from the River Jordan.

It is reported that there is an epidemic of suicide among the young women of Copenhagen, five having made away with themselves during the past few days.

"They say the child looks like me," said Gargoyle, displaying his first born. "He does—a good deal," replied Glanders; "still, I don't think I would drown him on that account."

"Doctor, when do you think a man weighs most?" asked a patient who was undergoing a course of dietary treatment. "When he steps on my corns," answered the doctor.

Lawrence, Kansas, is stated to contain several girls who imagine they are so pretty that they are afraid to appear on the streets in a crowd, for fear of being kidnapped.

The Empress of Russia's court dress, which is valued at $15,000, has only been worn on one occasion, viz.: at the coronation of the present Emperor. It is covered with magnificent embroidery in real silver.

Three years ago Miss Sarah Matson, once the owner of a large plantation and many slaves, found herself in her old age destitute and helpless in Memphis, Tenn. She sought out a former slave, who gave her a home and the kindest attention, and on her death a few weeks ago, gave his old mistress as handsome a funeral as his means allowed.

At Cold Water, Mich., recently, Nora Stanulah was thrown from a buggy and fell on her head, dislocating her neck. It was thought she was dead. Attending physicians summoned two strong men. One seized her by the feet and the other by the head, and at the word pulled as hard as they could. The bone sprang into place with a snap. The girl soon recovered consciousness and will live.

The most instructive college yell yet discovered is that of the girls belonging to the annex of the Western Reserve University in Cleveland—

Warm milk, fresh air,
Keep your feet off the registers.

This yell is a constant reminder of the sanitary rules of the school, strict obedience to which has apparently proved of great advantage to the students.

That is a very pretty and eminently French story told to the effect that a woman in the witness box, on being asked her age, and replying that she was thirty, was asked if she had not given the same age when before the magistrate a couple of years ago. "I think it very likely," she answered coolly; "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

It is rather remarkable how the barbarous custom of giving callithumpian serenades to newly married couples holds on in rural districts; but if more grooms would follow the example of the Oxford, Chester county, Pa., bridegroom, who had some fifty serenaders arrested, the custom would soon perish. The Justice of the peace fined each serenader fifty cents, and added $2.87 costs for every offender.

Julia Deems, of Nora, Ill., was married to George Peacock, a resident of Warren, Ill., at Galena, Ill., some time ago. The romantic feature of this marriage is that the bride has in a sense become her own grandmother. Her mother is a stepdaughter of the groom, whose first wife died last March, leaving, beside her husband, who was 20 years her senior, a number of children, Mrs. Andrew Deems, mother of the bride, being one of her children by a former marriage.

Women in Prussia, according to recent statistical reports, far outnumber the men. The latest estimates show a difference of almost 600,000 in favor of the women. To the great regret of the fair sex, each year shows a larger increase in the excess of the number of women. In 1887 there were only 229,615 more women than men in Prussia. At present of every 1000 persons 490.9 are men and 509.1 women. The proportions are about the same in the city and in the country.

Masculinities.

Low language is generally spoken in a high voice.

Women think more of flattery than men, but they believe less of it.

With a man more money means more to eat; with a woman more to wear.

When a young lady insists on being a sister to you it is always a deal safer to let her be.

Gentility is said to be eating meat with a silver fork when the butcher is not paid.

The formal custom of bidding a guest to call again, whether man or woman, is now in disuse.

She: "The man I marry must be handsome, brave and clever." He: "Dear me, how fortunate we have met!"

An observant writer says that few men know what to do with their hands. They should offer them to some nice girl.

A woman can disguise her wrinkles, debts and deceptions from a man, but she can never hide them from another woman.

The lawyer who advises a man to abstain from going to law is not injuring his business. He understands human nature.

Man may content himself with the applause of the world, and the homage paid to his intellect; but woman's heart has holier idols.

Prof. Wm. S. Wood, of Seymour, Ind., has taught school for 30 consecutive years. In all that time he has been disabled for work by sickness but 6½ days.

Some of the nice people of Boston are in a terrible state of mind. It is now whispered that Adam and Eve's marriage certificate cannot be found.

"It was probably the man who married a rich wife," says one who knows, "who first started the joke as to the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket."

She, having finished a sonata: "I suppose you know Beethoven very well?" He: "Ya-as—oh, ya-as! Jolly-looking old fellow—have a bust of him at home!"

A man is more faithful in preserving the secret of another than in keeping his own a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than another's.

Next to America, France employs more women in clerical positions than any other country. Their wages as bookkeepers and accountants range between $300 and $600 a year.

"Yes, Paul, I love you, but we can never wed," said the Boston maid with a sigh. "And why?" asked Paul. "You say eether for eyether," and she hid her face on his shoulder and wept.

Japanese jugglers are deft smokers. Several of them will sit before a curtain, and with the tobacco smoke which issues from their mouths will form a succession of readable letters.

What makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith, and gentleness in suffering, an endurance through scorn or trial: then has it the stamp celestial, and is admitted to sisterhood with angels.

Charles D. Young, aged 12 years, of Denver, Col., has built what his friends claim to be the smallest coal burning locomotive in the world. The engine is said to be 5 feet long, and weighs 235 pounds.

The Duke of Veragua, the descendant of Columbus, who has promised to visit America as the guest of the nation next year, has received the famous order of the Golden Fleece from the Queen Regent of Spain.

Mrs. Elizabeth Osby-Hunter, an eccentric old woman, who recently died in London, bequeathed $2500 per year to be held in trust for her parrot. In a codicil, $2500 was added, with which to buy the parrot a new cage.

At an evening party a lady said to her partner: "Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?" "That is my brother." "Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied, much confused. "I had not noticed the resemblance!"

"I don't think Mr. Bunker is much of a conversationalist," observed Miss Elker. "Well, he called on me last night," replied Miss Young, as she carelessly twirled a new ring on the third finger of her left hand, "and I found his conversation quite engaging."

Keep this for next summer. Shoo the flies away; don't mash them on your face. The Hamburg Medical Society placed nine flies that had been in contact with infected cholera material in nine separate flasks of nutrient gelatine, and succeeded in cultivating large colonies of comma bacilli in six of the vessels.

The silver tankard from which John Bunyan may have quaffed his nut-brown ale, and which recently came to light in an Illinois village, will be exhibited at the World's Fair. The inscription on it in beautiful script shows that it was a gift to the stern old Baptist's wife in 1671, and at one time it was used as a communion cup by Bunyan's congregation.

SOME OF LIFE'S CROSSES.

Pills! corns! chilblains!

Widows who want beaux. Young men who insist on courting girls who want some other young men.

Toothache, soggy bread, tough beefsteak, poor relations, muddy streets, smoking chimneys, bursted water-pipes, plumbers, lightning-rod men, gentlemen who want to make contracts for sewing-machines, organ-grinders.

Rich old aunts, who never die until they are ninety, and then will their money to a lunatic asylum, so that you never can receive any benefit from your lifelong expectations, unless you turn yourself into a maniac, and get boarded at the institution aforesaid.

Life's crosses take a great many forms. They march along day by day, just as fast as you can bear them; and you may fight them and rail at them, and swear at them, if you like, but you cannot get rid of them.

All the money in the world will not save you from the troubles which living entails. If you are born into this state of existence, and you cannot very well help it, if it be so decreed, you must suffer its inconveniences.

You must deal with flies, and mosquitoes, and March winds, and house-cleaning, and fires that won't burn, and the pump frozen up; and your wife's, "I told you so," and your husband's, "That's just like a woman!"

You must meet and conquer, or die in the attempt, difficulties innumerable—the contribution every Sunday for the heathens in Asia, and the same thing two or three times a week for the heathen at some other point of the antipodes.

And if you are an honest man, you will save up your sixpences with holes in them for such interesting occasions. For it is well-known that the contribution-box never refuses anything offered.

You will have to bear with your neighbor's hens in your flower-garden; with dogs that bark in the next yard to keep away burglars; with the musical efforts of itinerary tom-cats; with children which come a visiting; with people who know your business best; with long-winded sermons; with—but why go on?

We have all been there and we know how it is. We know that very little of the machinery of this world runs to suit our own taste. It rains when we want to have a picnic; it shines when we have set out our tomatoes and cabbage-plants; it thaws and spoils the sleighing when that genteel Mr. Jones has invited us to a ride; it freezes when the fire goes out in the furnace, and all our plants are ruined; and it rains, pouring, the first time we wear our new summer silk, and that silk is reduced to the condition of a mere dish-rag.

Somebody else draws the prize in the Fair, where we have a ticket—somebody else gets the "beautiful moss-rose tea-set, valued at ten dollars," which is given away to purchasers of "our superior teas and coffees;" and the stocks we purchase in that wonderful silver-mine go down to nothing a week after we get the certificates.

We have aches and pains, and "ologies," and "monies," and disorganization generally, and we get out of patience, and we wish we never had been born, but we can't help it; and, after all, the most afflicted, and the heaviest cross-bearing man in the world, had rather bear on a little longer, in the hope that something better may turn up. We are all Micawbers!

FACTS ABOUT FLOUR.—Flour is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric influences; hence it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor where onions or fish are kept, nor any article that taints the air of the room in which it is stored. Any smell perceptible to the sense will be absorbed by the flour. Avoid damp cellars or lofts where a free circulation of air cannot be obtained. Keep in a cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature, nor to intense summer or to artificial heat for any length of time above seventy to seventy-six degrees Fahrenheit. It should not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintegrated and then warmed before baking. This treatment improves the color and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon as the yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.

Coughing is at once stopped by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Keep it always in the house.

THE PITCH LAKE OF TRINIDAD.—The lake in question is situated about a mile and a half from the shore. There is a gentle ascent of 140 feet from the shore to the lake. The name "lake" is a misnomer, if we understand by the term a cavity containing a liquid. The contents of this cavity, or supposed cavity, is a concrete, slightly flexible mass of pitch. It is a level plain, on which bushes, and patches of vegetable formations, and pools of water, are seen here and there over the surface.

There is no difficulty in walking or wading over it from end to end, or from side to side. The shape of this plain is a sort of ellipse or ovoid. The water in the pools is rain-water, having a slight iron taste.

Arriving on the plateau, I found, first, a number of chestnut-colored females washing and bleaching linen, and in other parts a number of two-wheeled carts, drawn each by a single horse, in the act of being loaded with pitch.

Scattered here and there over the surface were to be seen dark, yellow-brown colored men with pickaxes, digging out large clods of pitch, which boys gathered out from the pit and piled up for the carters. The pitch, at almost every blow, broke off with a resinous fracture quite easily. Each lump of pitch exhibited air cavities of the size of a pigeon's egg, larger or smaller.

I was informed by the diggers that they never dig deep enough to find pitch soft and plastic; but they asserted that in a couple of days the cavity which they had dug would be again level with the surrounding plain. This assertion, I think, must be taken with considerable reservation.

This pitch deposit, I imagine, like any other mineral deposit, will become entirely exhausted in the course of time, resembling in this respect the oil-wells in Pennsylvania. But it will take a long time to do this, for the area of this visible deposit is about 100 acres, which is equivalent to 4,360,000 feet, and 4,360,000 feet surface, and one foot deep will give the same number of cubic feet.

Now allowing the weight of one cubic foot of pitch to be sixty pounds—it is really more—we shall get by computation 261,300,000 pounds, which number divided by 2,240, gives 116,678 tons for the weight of a single layer of pitch on Pitch Lake, one foot deep. How deep this pitch deposit is, absolutely, is not yet known with accuracy or even approximately.

A BLIND MAN'S DOG.—A blind man, piloted about the center of the city the other day by a dog, attracted a good deal of attention states a Baltimore paper. The man was neatly dressed, and carried a satchel containing articles to sell swung over his shoulder.

He carried a stick in order to enable him to feel his way up or down a step. The dog, a plump, well-fed, brown animal, had on a sort of harness, to which a stout cord was attached from his back.

He was, apparently, in a hurry to do business, for he tugged at the cord vigorously as he went along. Every few steps he would look around at his master in the most intelligent way, as if to discover whether he was coming along safely.

As soon as he got to a door he stopped and looked up at his master. If the door was one on which was posted the sign, "The Other Door," the man would try the knob, and, as soon as the dog saw that his master could not go in, he would immediately move on to the next door.

When a door was opened the dog appeared to understand exactly how to transact business. He would pilot his master straight to the office, in the back or front part of the house, stop and look up.

When anybody bought anything and "good day" was said, the animal would lead the way out again, often looking around at his companion, and, when the street was reached, he would be sure to start exactly where he left off and try the next door. If the animal was not fond of that man, the looks and actions of a dog go for nothing.

HENRY GIFFORD, of Roseburg, Oregon, chewed soap until he frothed at the mouth, and then, pretending to have a fit, seized a carving knife a foot or so in length, rushed out and made a frantic sham attack upon a young lady. This was done to frighten the young lady's escort, John Long. But Mr. Long was not that kind. He grappled the pretended madman and held him down for some time. Then he had Mr. Gifford arrested for an assault with a dangerous weapon.

Waste no money. Buy Salvation Oil, the only good liniment. It kills all pain.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclar Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. The contract is upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

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Recent Book Issues.

"The Fairy Calendar" for 1893 is a prize both for the eye and the heart. The twelve different sheets represent splendid fac-simile water color pictures of different famous characters in Fairyland, by Maud Humphries.

"The Aquarelle Calendar" for 1893 is six splendid fac-simile water color drawings, 12x16 inches in size, in the most perfect style of art, by W. McVicker. Any one of the paintings in itself is worth more than the cost of the entire calendar.

The holiday books are beginning to make their appearance and beauties they are. One of the prettiest in get-up and most enjoyable in contents is "Life's Fairy Tales," by J. H. Mitchell. They are taken from the popular weekly "Life," and are given with full text and illustrations.

"Hospitality in Town and Country," is a very useful little book giving valuable hints on this question. It is adapted to society in this country and will serve to make clear many matters of etiquette. It is nicely printed, brief, and conveniently arranged. Published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. For sale by Wanamaker.

"The Calendar of Beauties" for 1893 is a series of six fac-simile water colors by Maud Humphries, representing old time beautiful women, with a skill and general effectiveness that puts them among the daintiest works of the season. All the above are published by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York, and are for sale by Wanamaker.

As dainty a holiday presentation book as ever came from the poet's, printer's, and binder's hands is the edition of Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," just issued by the F. A. Stokes Co., New York. The paper is the finest toned, the letter press superb, the pictures excellent and numerous, while the binding in white and gold with violets on gold and white, is beautiful as an artist's dream. For sale by Wanamaker.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for December is out, and comes laden with the best of seasonable reading and pictures, the former put in a most interesting and instructive style. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

ADVANTAGES OF PRAISE.—A word of praise warms the heart, arouses the spirits and energy to accomplish our purposes. In our private intercourse with others, there is no instrument of power over their affections, their desires, and conduct so potent to give courage and strength in whatever pursuit in which we may be engaged. Niggards of praise are prodigals of censure. Censure begets fear, praise nourishes love. The habit of seeking praise for worthy actions rather than blame operates favorably not only on the happiness and temper, but on the whole moral character. It is a great corrective of envy that most common infirmity of ambitious and aspiring men to supplant others to rise above them. A predisposition to see what is best and commendable and show our appreciation of good qualities necessarily calls out our own more amiable qualities and makes them shine brightly in our character; and on the other hand, a predisposition to discover what is bad and expose our errors whether intentional or fortuitous, keeps in activity our meaner and malignant feelings. It is better and wiser, on the whole, to cultivate the habit of giving pleasure. Instances may be quoted of little children who have been flogged out of naughtiness and great geniuses who have been reviled into surpassing achievements. But if our principles and intentions are erring or misguided, then if whatever is good is appealed to and strengthened you may gradually stimulate and train for the cure of what is evil. So if intellectual efforts are disparaged or disregarded the spirits flag and inertness or lassitude ensue. It was the habit of Sir Godfrey Kneller to say to his sitter, "Praise me, sir, praise me; how can a man throw any animation into your face if you don't choose to animate me?"

L. G. W.

CHURNS.—There have been several thousands of patents issued on churns, and "the best" churn is yet open for invention, though there are good churns made. The work of producing good butter does not depend wholly on the churn. The proper temperature for churning, the ripening of the cream, and the mode of handling the churn when the work is being performed, are the matters which affect the quality of butter.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size **CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to **Tanqueray Portrait Society,** 741 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: **Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge,** all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture **Free** as per this offer.

STAYING WITHOUT.—Murter, one of the early German travelers through further India, describes a village to which he came in the intense heat of a summer day. It was peopled only by the lowest castes, who dwelt in stifling little huts, intolerable through filth and vermin. The wretched people passed their time in idleness, with heavy, sullen faces, moving slowly about as though the weight of their poverty was more than they could bear.

In the centre of the village rose a magnificent Buddhist temple. It had fallen into ruin, but within were coolness and shade, and lofty domes covered with wonderful carvings, on which were told the most sacred mysteries of the ancient faith.

None of the people ever entered this temple, either to gratify their curiosity or for the sake of shelter from the pitiless heat. Even when a thunderstorm broke over the village they crept into their stifling huts. The temple stood vacant and neglected.

They had a superstitious fear of it, and preferred their own grimy degradation to its sublime mysteries.

QUEER NAMES, INDEED.—A Savannah paper tells of a physician of that city who was recently called to prescribe for an old negro woman. After ascertaining her symptoms and assuring her that her fears of instant death were baseless, he turned his attention to her children—two rollicking pickaninies, who were having a tussle on the floor.

"What's the name of your boys?" he asked the woman.

"That one, sah, is Lake Geneveh," said the woman, pointing to her younger child; "and that one, sah, am Lake Superiah."

"Where did you get such names?" asked the doctor in amazement.

"From a book, sah," answered the old woman.

Two old friends met accidentally for the first time in ten or fifteen years. "Well," he said, "you are still Lucy Benderby, are you?" "Yes," she replied, "still Lucy Benderby." "It isn't your fault, I know," he rejoined, meaning to say something complimentary. "That is," he added, nervously, feeling that he had not expressed himself exactly in the way he had intended, "I mean that you're not to blame, you know. You couldn't help it—er—that is, it was the fault of the young men. They, you know," he went on, breaking out in a profuse perspiration, "couldn't be expected—h'm! ha!—to—er—well, I must be going. Ever so glad to have met you."

RULES FOR THE STAGE.—When an actor writes a letter, he does it with a rapidity which causes the most expert of stenographers to turn green with envy.

When an actress makes a dab at her right eyes with the middle finger of her right hand, followed by a show of throwing something into space, and then repeats this performance with respect to her left eye, it signifies that she is indulging in tears.

When an actor enters into confidential conversation with another actor, it is the proper thing for him to hang his leg over the back of a chair, with his foot resting on its seat.

A SEVERE TEST.—Stranger: "Call your paper a great advertising medium, do you? It isn't worth shucks. I put in an advertisement last week, and didn't get an answer, not one." Editor: "My! my! How was your advertisement worded?" Stranger: "A poor young man wants a pretty wife who can do her own housework."

JIMSON—"I tell you what it is, old boy. You ought to see Dr. Cureall about your cash." Sick Friend—"To be frank with you, I am a little afraid of doctors." Jimson—"Oh, you needn't be afraid of Cureall; he isn't a regular doctor."

GERMAN STUDENT LOGIC: "If there were no brewers we would have no beer; and then we could not drink so much. If we did not drink so much, we would not be so giddy and waste so much money. Then we might become wealthy; and when we should have become wealthy we could—well, we could drink a great deal more."

OF SORROW.—In India and South America there is said to be a small tree, known as the "sorrowful tree," which bears sweet-scented flowers, that "bloom only in the night time and fall off at the break of day."

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as laid.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '90. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

$5 to $15 per day, at home, using LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, tableware, &c. Finest the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has goods needing plating. Wholesale to agents. Write for circulars. H. E. DELNO & Co., Columbus, O.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

CONTENTS: Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. John M. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years City Treas.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.

HOLD-OUTS RANGING FROM 50 TO 500. AT PRICES CUT IN TWO. SEND for DESCRIPTIVE and PARTICULARS. G. HENRY & CO., Irvington Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $33 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF, Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our liable Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the **FAIRHAVEN**

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 512 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

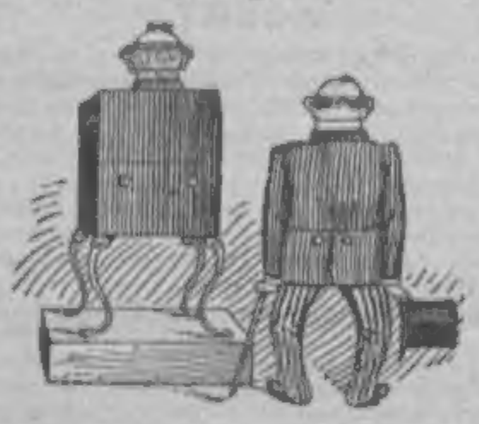
WHAT COULD SHE DO?

If I kissed you would you be in-
  Dignant with me—make resistance?
Flush and blush and order me in
  Tragic tones to "keep my distance?"
Break your pretty voice in two
  Calling some one to assist you—
Tell me, sweet, what would you do
  If I kissed you?

If you kissed me I might scold you
  Under certain circumstances;
And at more than arm's length hold you
  To discourage your advances,
But if none were near but you—
  As at this minute—to assist me,
Tell me, please, what could I do
  If you kissed me?

—E. W. B.

Strange!



"I wonder where the fellow that designed that piece of furniture ever got his idea."

Good life-preserver—Food.

Dark investment—Buying coal.

A steady-job—Walking a tight-rope.

A liquid laugh is entirely different from a liquid smile.

A cool wave—Waiving a creditor aside when he calls with a bill.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.

Old lady: "If I had your face do you know what I would do?" Tramp: "No'm." "I'd wash it."

"In union there is strength," as the invalid remarked when he poured the whisky into the glass of milk.

Mrs. Lushforth: "And to think how I used to pray for you——" Mr. Juggs Lushforth: "Well, you finally got me, di-hic-din-'t-cher?"

The difference between a man who digs in the ground and one who digs in books is that the former digs for hire and the latter for lore.

"I'm getting tired of this injustice," said the trigger to the barrel. "You are the one who gets loaded, and then I get pulled on account of it."

He: "Miss Clara, you do love so to make fun of me. You mustn't think I'm as big a fool as I look!" She: "Oh! Mr. Soppie, I couldn't think that, you know!"

"Do you believe in fortune-tellers?" "Sometimes. Wobbs went to one in July who said he was destined to rise rapidly in business, and last week he went up."

"How strange!" said a fond wife; "every time Peter comes home from his lodge he goes to bed with his hat on. But I suppose it is some more of those masonic doings."

"I thought you said you would never accept Charlie," said Maude. "So I did; but he put his arm around me when he proposed, and—well, I yielded to pressure," returned Ethel.

Jess: "I thought you hated Jack, and yet you have accepted him." Bess: "I did hate him, but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused him he would let the rain drop on my new hat."

Priscilla: "Do you let your beau flirt with other girls?" Priscilla: "Oh, yes: unless they are good-looking. I saw you and Jack together last night, but, as I told him this morning, I didn't mind."

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'O, how perfickly lovely!'"

Gray: "Your wife, I hear, is quite a vocalist."

Brown: "Yes; and I encourage her in it, as far as is in my power."

"Quite right, too; for music is a divine art. I think it is the most elevating and purifying of all arts; and Shakspeare was right when he said that 'the man who has not music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.' Don't you love music?"

"Very much, indeed!"

"And your wife's singing, I should think, would please you greatly?"

"It does, it does, I assure you; for when she sings she can't talk, and——"

The lady came in at that moment and the conversation was not continued.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

The fur coat of the season has never been so elaborate or expensive as it is now. Sealskin has nearly doubled in value, and as if this was not enough all sorts of fancy frills by which more work can be added and the cost augmented help to make papa or hubby baldheaded before his time.

There are coats that come to the feet and wraps ditto, but the box coat of sealskin and the half long mantle are oftener seen. One odd and not altogether pretty fashion is to have the collar arranged in such a way as to resemble wide ostrich tips and the edges scalloped. It is really becoming, however.

One of the prettiest wraps of this season is of black astrakhan laid in plaits, and scalloped collar. Little pockets are placed in each side of the lining for holding the purse, etc. The only objection to these is that wearing fur against the hair is very injurious to the hair.

Another handsome cape is made of sealskin, with a boa of mink or Russian sable, if one can afford it. There are fewer of the little pneumonia breeding capes that reach only to the waist line, and the lady who cannot obtain one or the other of the new fur coats or capes will pass a very unhappy winter, so she will.

Some of the walking dresses of this season are very pretty, and evidently have been designed by some one who possesses a fair share of common sense, which tones down the ridiculous tendencies toward empire styles. I don't mind a real empire gown on the proper person, which is a pretty young woman, neither fat nor thin, but with a trim figure, and with much natural grace of movement, but the worst of it is that every one thinks herself exactly the kind that would be charming in an empire gown—a sort of superior Josephine or idealized Recamier.

WRAPS.

I could not express strongly enough the sort of picture they make. They move brusquely, and every angular point or movement is accentuated. Let us hope that the empire will not become arbitrary, but will allow us a little latitude of choice—at least enough for the pretty walking dress below, which is a type of modern taste.

The dress is of gray cheviot, with three narrow green jet studded braids. The sleeves and waist are of cheviot, with combination of green and gray brocade silk, with belt, windmill bow and lapels of green velvet bound with silver braid. The toque is of cheviot, with silver buckle and green coque plumes. When the weather is very cold, a vest of chamois is worn under the waist and keeps the wearer as warm as toast, but people who see the wearer now without a wrap would be apt to think that the young lady must be very cold or have a remarkable constitution.

Hats keep growing larger and more soul-destroying than ever, but bonnets are very dainty and small, in many cases seeming to be little more than ornaments in the hair. The brims of the hats seem to have all run to the front in the melted state though there are a very few in the Rubens and Rembrandt style, and some regular Puritan with high pointed crowns. Besides these the soft felt alpine is a favorite for a run-about hat. Satin is a new material now in use for hats. Many are neatly shirred, and others are smooth.

Among the latest importations of silks I notice ondine, which is a thick cord bengaline, every three cords being crinkled, and that gives the whole surface a very rich effect. It is in plain but exceedingly rich colors, and made up entirely by itself it produces a dress inapproachable except by velvet.

A velvet dress never goes out of style, but all fancy waves of silk have their day and then disappear to be revived a generation or two later, like the plaid silks now are. Satin, black and heavy, and white will both be worn for evening this season, and moire is already being made for a chosen few who will set the style.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Rub furniture with a little kerosene on flannel.

Eye glasses may be best polished with a bit of newspaper.

In carrying a lighted match it is much less likely to go out if it is carried with the lighted end away from the person.

The pieces of suiting which careful mothers preserve for patching little boys' clothing should be exposed to the sun till they have faded all they will. Then, when added to a partly worn garment, they will not betray so marked a difference between themselves and their surroundings.

Very pretty portieres for white and gold or pompadour rooms may be made of the small embroidered Turkish squares sold for mats and cushion covers. They are joined with strips of white velvet ribbon an inch wide, on which are wrought polka dots of yellow silk. The drapery is lined with thin yellow silk.

The grease eradicator made the fortune of more than one man before the secret of its composition was discovered: two ounces ammonia, one ounce castile soap shavings, one quart soft water, one teaspoon saltpetre. It must be used with some care on colored goods lest it take hue with soil, but on white or black it is invaluable.

Colored mattings, that the new buffalo moth's predilection for carpetings have rendered so popular, may be kept bright by an occasional wiping after sweeping with a cloth wrung out of salt and water. This also makes them wear better, as it prevents their growing brittle with the usual tendency to break in those places most used.

This is the time o' year when rooms are to be repapered. The scraping off the old paper is the most tedious part of the work. It may be much lessened if a bellerful of boiling water is shut up in the room over night. The steam loosens the wall paper very perceptibly; if then a little hot water is applied with a whitewash brush to the few places where remnants still cling to the wall the task can be very readily accomplished.

Women who have much housework to do should provide themselves with a cheap stool, high enough to allow a free use of the arms. In this way they may spare themselves much unnecessary standing, as ironing, dishwashing and multitudinous household duties that are generally gone through with while upon the feet may be disposed of quite as satisfactorily in a sitting posture. It is a rest, too, from time to time, to draw the feet up upon the rounds of the stool, taking all the weight of the body off the floor.

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NEW BOOKS.

At Sundown.

A beautiful book, containing the last poems of John Greenleaf Whittier. With a portrait and eight photogravures from designs by S. H. Garrett. Bound in white and gold. 16mo, gilt top, $1.50.

The Story of a Child.

A charming story of child life and character, but not written for children, by Margaret Deland, author of "John Ward, Preacher," "The Old Garden," etc. Artistically printed and bound in pink and silver. Also uniform with "John Ward" and "Sydney." 16mo, $1.00.

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A delightful volume, containing a great variety of the best British and American poems. Selected and arranged by Agnes Repplier, author of "Books and Men" and "Points of View." 16mo, tastefully bound, full gilt, $1.25; also in Riverside Library for Young People, 75 cents.

Japan:

In History, Folk-Lore, and Art.

A book full of interesting information for young people about a peculiarly interesting country and people, by William Elliot Griffis, D. D., author of "The Mikado's Empire," "The Lily among Thorns," etc. In Riverside Library for Young People. 16mo, 75 cents.

Sold by Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect November 13th, 1892.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.25 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.00 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—3.45 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—4.45 p m, 24th and Chestnut sts., 5.20 p m daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Car) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 5.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.35, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.00 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
5.00 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

3.35, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 dining car, 3.34, 6.23, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.35, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.34, 6.23, 8.18 dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.20, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.45 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.30, 3.45, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.45 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.30 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.00 a m, 12.40, 3.45, 5.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 3.35, 8.30, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
9 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.30 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.05 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
4.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express, 8.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 6.30 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 a m, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Malaga Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 6.00, 8.00, 8.20, 11.00 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Greenloch, 6.30, 9.45, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 4.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 609 South Third street, and 13 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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